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NATIONAL REVIEW

A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

Class Struggle—American Style

ANTHONY HARRIGAN

The Quemoy Ploy

AN EDITORIAL

The Lions Are Ousting the Foxes

JAMES BURNHAM

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NATIONAL REVIEW

A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

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For the Record

A Senate Committee next spring will try to find out how many news writers and commentators are paid "consultants" to the CIA —and who they are. . . . The Senate probe into TV rating services (very much wanted by the big advertisers) has been put off until next year. It was scheduled to start right after the election. . . . In the works for the next Congress: legislation to bar U.S. purchase of gold from any country which trades in that metal with Communist "slave labor" countries.

A California Labor Group — the Contra Costa Central Labor Council—has "suggested" to its 160,000 members that they boycott General Electric products because GE has come out openly for the "right-to-work" proposition. . . . The Communist Worker is making a big production of labor demands for a shorter work week, recommending a six hour day. . . . The Republicans probably regret the fact that—according to an unofficial poll—only one-tenth of one per cent of government employees owe their jobs directly to the GOP. . . . Five days before the elections, the professional odds on the New York gubernatorial contest were almost even, with Harriman given a 6-5 edge over Rockefeller.

California Democrats have worked out plans to redistrict two conservative Congressmen out of office if the Party wins the governorship. . . . Fund for the Republic Director Paul Hoffman is being approached by the United Nations to direct its new fund for aid to underdeveloped nations. . . . A prominent French journalist who criticized Mendès-France in public lectures in this country has been silenced by the French Embassy in Washington.

To save electricity, East Germany has forbidden the installation of electric heating in homes and public buildings. . . . Ordained into the priesthood in Paris recently: a cousin of Chinese Red Premier Chou En-lai, converted from militant atheism by a Moroccan Franciscan, himself a convert from Islam.

A study of five hundred "beat generation" drifters and floaters shows twelve times the normal number of mental defectives. . . . Recent vital foreign aid credit: The United States Development Loan Fund's $23 million to the Dutch Emigration Commission for Australia.

The WEEK

● The pornographers in the movie business have got themselves a new Imprimatur—so to speak. They appear to have found a way to certify that the movie inside is really as sexy as the posters outside. We refer to an advertisement that appeared recently in the *Washington Post* as shill for a film on marital relations. The ad spoke boldly of "scenes formerly restricted to medical books" which could now be viewed on the screen for the first time—"*made possible by the recent U.S. Supreme Court ruling!*"

● New Yorkers who were having trouble assessing the qualifications of Harriman and Rockefeller to govern New York State were given two compelling reasons for voting for the latter in a climactic radio build-up last week. Rockefeller, it develops, is the man "responsible for bringing the United Nations to New York" *and* the man who "did everything humanly possible to keep the Dodgers here." What *more* can we expect of a governor? one might ask. Nothing. Absolutely nothing.

● We regret that Admiral Lewis Strauss is no longer at the helm of the Atomic Energy Commission, for there are grounds for assigning to him responsibility for the major strides in our nuclear policy over the past six years. We rejoice, however, that a man of his talent and dedication will continue in government service, henceforth as Secretary of Commerce. He will be faced with a stupefying bureaucratic tangle. If there is any man who can clean out the stables, it is he: and never forget, he came by his early training on the staff of Herbert Hoover, who also served as Secretary of Commerce. Admiral Strauss knows what needs to be done, and is the man to do it.

● Exploiting Professor Arthur Schlesinger's recent charge that the Republican Party is the party of money, the Democratic National Committee has put out a story from Washington that Republicans are contributing to the fall campaign at least two dollars to every Democratic one. The contribution listings on which the conclusion is based, however, ignore, among other things, the many devious ways in which labor union money is diverted into the campaign coffers of complaisant Democrats. There is no auditing of union aid to anti-right-to-work candidates in Indiana and Ohio; to Pat Brown in California; to the anti-Barry Goldwater forces in Arizona; etc., etc. We have no doubt that the Democratic National Committee has good adding machines. But it is, after all, the man who feeds the information to the machine that counts.

● The facts about Red China are so readily available that another recital of its crimes against national and international morality would seem superfluous. But this is not so when it comes to Edward Hunter's *The Black Book on Red China* (available from the Committee of One Million, 17 Park Avenue, New York, for $2.00). In it Hunter excludes rumor, hearsay and refugee reports—no matter how accurate these have in fact proved—and bases his case on the pronouncements and writings of Communist officials and the reporting of Communist newsmen from the satellites. He quotes from their own reports to prove that Communist China has been in a continual state of revolt—large and small—since the Reds took over; that the vaunted "farm reforms" have transformed the Chinese peasant from a freeman into a serf; that the religious schools and seminaries tolerated by the Communists turn out atheistic ministers and teachers. This, and much more, he reports. His book should be required reading for those members of the United Nations General Assembly who seriously contemplate the admission of Communist China.

● Dean Erwin N. Griswold of the Harvard Law School has taken time out to chide the public for indulging in "generalities" in its criticism of the U.S. Supreme Court. But, in the same California speech, the Dean takes the Court to task for basing its own opinions on "too broad grounds." The Dean offers the Watkins case of 1957, which has effectively hampered Congress in its attempt to elicit information about subversion, as an example of the Court's unwarranted generalizing of a narrow issue. Which is what the "broad" critics of the Court said in the first place.

● It would have been more convenient all around if Sheik Abdullah could have been persuaded to recant—could have been persuaded to appear in open court and say that, on reflection, the national aspiration of the Kashmiri is really union with India. Such a confession would have helped to legitimize Nehru's seizure of Kashmir, and to dilute criticism of India the next time the periodic question of a plebiscite arises. But the Lion of Kashmir, as Abdullah is called, refused to play ball, even after five years of house arrest. So last week he was placed on trial and charged with treason against Kashmir's puppet regime. A high-handed action on India's part, which, if attempted by any Western country, would have touched off hours of outraged protest from Mr. Krishna Menon, and a stern letter to the *Times* from Senator Herbert Lehman.

● It is gratifying that men as committed to the appeasement wing of the Democratic Party as Adlai Stevenson and Averell Harriman have nevertheless joined the new Emergency Committee for UN Action on Hungary, which aims to agitate for the expulsion of the Hungarian puppet delegation from the United Nations. If the Committee intends to do more than merely to register appropriate platitudes about Hungary, let it turn its attention to the case of Povl Bang-Jensen, who was dismissed by the UN for his refusal to betray the names of those who bore witness to the Hungarian massacres. At least one victim of the Revolution can still be saved.

● According to *Steel Facts*, bulletin of the American Iron & Steel Institute, the delegation of U.S. steel experts that toured Russia in May and June reported that: 1) the Soviet steel industry output is about 40 per cent of ours; 2) there are no strikes, ever; 3) the task of the union officials is to "correct" any worker or foreman whom the union regards "as an unsatisfactory contributor to plant productivity"; 4) "Soviet steel mills have far more accidents than the mills in the U.S."; 5) "the use of safety wearing apparel [is] conspicuous by its absence"; 6) "sanitary facilities, including toilets and drinking water facilities, were few and considerably below American standards"; 7) Soviet mills "use from 25 per cent to 50 per cent more man-hours per ton of like product, than steel mills in the U.S."; 8) "they are in many cases producing products of a quality that would not satisfy American customers." Soviet customers, of course, are satisfied; or else.

● C. Wright Mills, Columbia sociologist, veteran dissenter, writes a book entitled *The Power Elite*, in which he develops the notion that America is in fact governed by a series of bureaucracies and not, as some Americans have supposed, by the democratic process. In due course, a translation of the book appears in Poland, perhaps because its suggestion that American democracy is fraudulent, too, will not be lost upon Polish readers and will tend to counteract incipient enthusiasm on their part for the American system. So far, so good; that does *not* prove that Mr. Mills wrote the book with an eye to its possible usefulness to Soviet-controlled dictatorships, nor do we suggest that he was under any obligation to prevent (assuming even he could have) its translation into Polish. When, however, Mr. Mills writes a special article, saying it all over again for a Polish weekly, the whole matter begins to take on another coloration; and we would at least like to know whether Mr. Mills has taken advantage of his current newsworthiness in Poland to correct the following lie, taken from a Polish review of his book, and thus pretty certain to have come to his attention: ". . . the publication of Mr. Mills' book in the United States is a significant event. During the past decade no book of this character could have appeared in print."

● The distinguished English weekly, *Time and Tide* (32 Bloomsbury Street, W.C. 1, London), has stalwartly spelled out a hard economic truth. It recalls that while "seventy years ago, the wealth production per head of Britain and America was equal, today, American production per head is roughly three times as great." "This is not," *Time and Tide* elucidates, because "the American worker is inherently a better worker . . . [but] because Americans have consumed . . . in taxation less of tomorrow's seed-corn than we have done. Today for every horse-power that aids the British worker, the American worker is aided by two and a half horse-power." If British labor seriously wants to raise its standard of living, *Time and Tide* suggests it turn its attention to increased production, rather than increased subsidies.

● The United Nations will publish the deliberations of the recent international assembly on the peacetime uses of atomic energy. The estimated size of the report: 17,000,000 words. We assume the *New York Times*, following its usual custom with public documents, will carry the full text.

● It's the story, all over again, of the tiger and the lady from Niger, except that this time the tiger is a lady and the choice must be made not once but innumerable times a day. Whenever the phone rings, Ohioans must either ignore it, taking the risk of offending their friends, jeopardizing their business, and alarming their creditors, or chance answering it and finding Eleanor Roosevelt on the line dulcetly urging them to vote against right-to-work. Several citizens, once thought to have been perfectly sober, have been committed for arguing with a phonograph record.

Important Notice

Subscribers to NATIONAL REVIEW are reminded that the Magazine is now being published, newly enlarged from 24 to 32 pages, every *two* weeks. On the alternate weeks, when the Magazine is not published, the new 8-page NATIONAL REVIEW Bulletin will appear. The Bulletin's first four issues are being sent to all NATIONAL REVIEW subscribers, but thereafter it will be necessary to make a supplementary charge if you wish to continue receiving the Bulletin.

WILLIAM A. RUSHER, PUBLISHER

● A minor dispute last week brought to the surface a little known but politically symptomatic fact about the UN staff. A Soviet spokesman, K. V. Levychkin, demanded more appointments for Soviet citizens, charging that over half of the UN staff was American. In reply, Albert Bender (U.S.) showed that in truth U.S. citizens totalled only 27 per cent of the staff although the U.S. pays 32 per cent of the UN budget. But Mr. Bender further disclosed, in passing, that the UN is not permitted "to engage in direct recruitment in the USSR" as it does in other countries. What this means is that *all* the Soviet UN employees are chosen not by the UN but by the Soviet government: that is, *all* are Soviet agents. In the U.S., as in other non-Soviet nations, UN staff officers—including, of course, the Soviet agents among them—hire applicants on an individual basis.

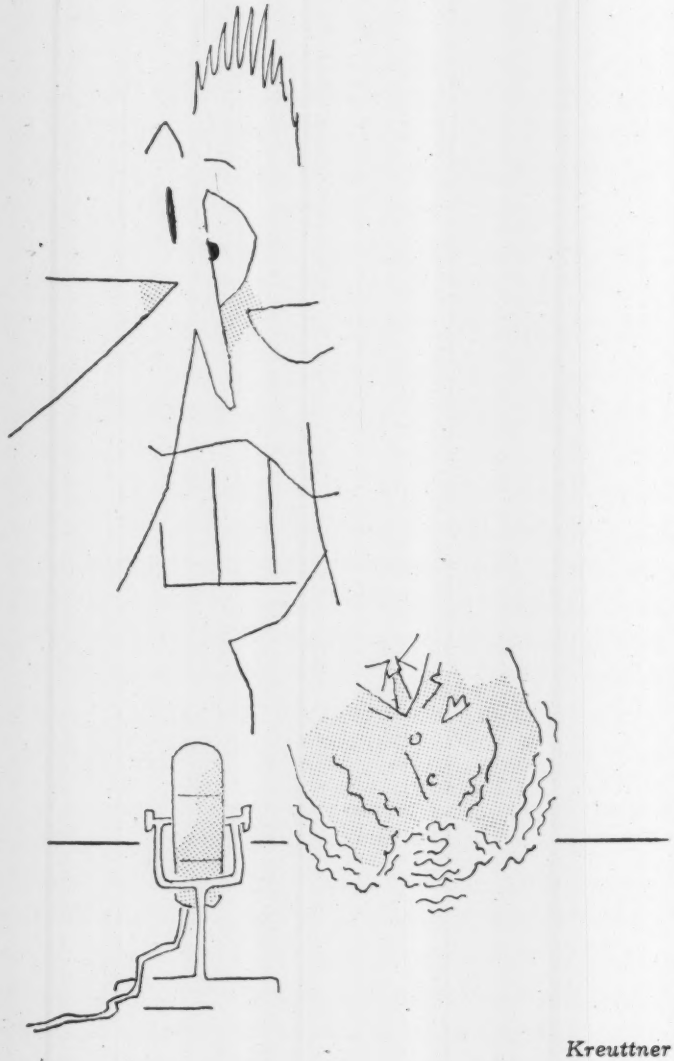
De Gaulle in Motion

It was the war in Algeria, topping the collapse in Indochina and the secession of Morocco and Tunisia, that last May brought the end of the Fourth French Republic and the advent of de Gaulle. And his success or failure in solving the admittedly insoluble Algerian crisis will decide whether the de Gaulle regime is, for France, an eccentric spirit in mortal illness or the turn to recovery and rebirth. De Gaulle, that is to say, is called on to work a political miracle.

Just possibly, he will. Certainly he is giving a dazzling performance, with a mounting audacity. After his twelve years in strategic reserve—as we might term his postwar years of political withdrawal—he moved at first slowly, testing and consolidating his position. Then the sweeping victory of the September referendum gave him the initiative which he is boldly exploiting with tactics drawn rather from the military than the political arena. In the UN his spokesman, in the face of the plans for nuclear suspension, announces France's determination to become a nuclear power. In NATO, his officers demand a reorganization that would place France once again among a revivified Big Three. And for Africa, de Gaulle himself used the occasion of an unsuspecting press conference to announce, with stunning effect, a proposal to the rebel leaders of the Algerian Front (FIN), calling themselves a Provisional Government, to agree to a cease-fire and come to Paris—under his personal guarantee of safe conduct—to discuss "a brave man's peace." It was the mere rumor of an intention to negotiate that drove his predecessor, Pierre Pflimlin, from office and thus brought de Gaulle's own accession to power.

The new moment was exactly chosen. His authority over the soldiers in Algeria—who might earlier have challenged any overture to the terrorist rebel bands—had just been totally restored, with the liquidation of the Committees of Public Safety. The military fortunes of the rebels have sharply declined in the past two months, both in the field and through the lowered prestige that came with the Moslem disregard of their orders to boycott the referendum. Tunisia had just broken with Nasser, the patron of the Cairo-situated Provisional Government under Ferhat Abbas.

By his bold and unconditioned proposal, General de Gaulle presented the rebel leaders with an inescapable dilemma: if they refuse his invitation, they will antagonize Tunisia, Morocco, the majority of Algerians (who want an end to bloodshed), and Western public opinion; if they accept, the mere act of entering into negotiations dampens the fighting spirit of their followers. Sensing the loss from either



Kreuttner

"Please remember, Ladies and Gentlemen, that the sponsors of this program do not necessarily approve of certain spontaneous, unrehearsed silences which sometimes unavoidably occur, such as when our guest asked how he could be characterized as representing the forces of both Conformity and the Radical Right at the same time. Another thing: I'm not a bit nervous!"

alternative, they responded with an equivocation, temporizing and politically unconvincing: yes, they want to negotiate; but no, they will not negotiate in France. Thus de Gaulle, confronted by an enemy command unsure whether to advance or retreat, keeps all the advantage of his initiative.

This he does without having committed himself to any specific plan or program. He projects only that vision to which NATIONAL REVIEW has previously directed attention: of a great African frontier developing in its own right, but joined—somehow—to France, and through France to Europe and Western civilization. "An immense transformation has started in Algeria," de Gaulle said in the press conference. "The future solution will have as a basis . . . the courageous personality of Algeria and her close association with Metropolitan France. This ensemble, completed by the Sahara, will, I think, sooner or later, link itself for its common interest with the free states of Morocco and Tunisia."

This vision, until yesterday a seeming mirage, suddenly begins to appear, in the perspective of General de Gaulle's thrust, a realizable if still distant and difficult goal. Toward the attainment—which would be so immense and promising a victory for the West—France needs and deserves from our own government the prompt, firm and ungrudging support that up to now, because of the ideals and the illusions of our anti-colonial inheritance, we have felt constrained to withhold.

For Tomorrow We Vote . . .

Half our readers—those who live within a thousand miles or so of New York—will see this issue of NATIONAL REVIEW before Election Day. The other half will have it the day after. Certainly we will not, under *those* circumstances, risk either a prediction, for the benefit of the one group, or a premature postmortem for the benefit of the other. Time enough for that, a fortnight hence.

Is it a crucial election? Yes, because all elections are crucial, in crucial times. The two great issues of our age—Shall we as individuals yield more authority to the state? and, Shall we as a people yield before the Communist juggernaut?—shine through most of the tangled and seemingly irrelevant debate that goes on all over the land. For the battle is fought under many guises.

In many areas, to be sure, it has been strictly No Contest, as for example in New York (who is to say Harriman is more a statist, or less an anti-Communist, than Rockefeller?); in others, *e.g.*, Arizona (Goldwater against McFarland) and California (Knowland against Brown) the issues have been as sharp as they ever get. There is no denying that the conservatives, who (however erratically or indistinctly) speak out for the supremacy of the individual, and the integrity of the non-Communist world, have much to lose by a selective humiliation at the polls. If the conspicuous conservatives lose conspicuously, it does not follow that the conservative spirit is dead in the land; rather that the men who can evoke that spirit have not arrived upon the scene.

Where will our eyes be fastened? To begin with, on the six states where right-to-work is on the ballot. Beyond that, on individual candidacies—in Arizona and California, to be sure. And Delaware (Senator Williams); Indiana (Governor Handley); Nebraska (Senator Hruska); Nevada (Senator Malone); New York (Congressman Keating); Ohio (Senator Bricker); Utah (Bracken Lee or, failing that, Senator Watkins). Southerners we do not list, as the contests there have already been fought, and November Election Day is merely ceremonial.

Meanwhile, Mr. Nixon has done well and, for the first time in a long while, begins to acquire an independent political personality. We do not know how pleasing that personality will turn out to be, but we can hope; and there are grounds for hoping.

The Middle East: Bell for the Next Round

From the fortnight's dispatches:

Beirut. The pullout of American troops from Lebanon is completed. They had landed to prevent the violent overthrow of the regime of pro-Western Camille Chamoun by revolutionists directed from Cairo and Moscow. They leave with Chamoun replaced by General Chehab, the former Chief of Staff who had refused to order his army into action against the rebels.

Amman. The British troops begin an airlift out of Jordan, which they entered to protect pro-Western King Hussein from violent overthrow by Nasser's agents. Hussein announces his intention to take a "vacation"—a term believed by many observers to be the equivalent of "abdication."

Moscow. The Soviet government announces a 400 million ruble credit to the United Arab Republic toward construction of the Aswan high dam. The money is to be used to supply Soviet equipment and "technicians." The Egyptian, Syrian and Iraqi press hail the evidence of Soviet-Arab solidarity. It is assumed that a secret political agreement is attached to the economic protocol.

Teheran. Mullah Mustafa Barzani, Khaled Bagdash and other leading Kurdish Communists are reported back in Iraq and Syria from exile and training in Soviet territory. Simultaneously the Soviet radio, in

broadcasts to the nearly four million Kurds who straddle Iran, Iraq, Syria, Turkey and Soviet Transcaucasia, revives agitation for "Kurdish rights" and an "independent Kurdistan."

Cairo. Radio "Voice of the Arabs"—run by Nasser with Soviet guidance and inspiration—steps up the ferocity of its anti-American broadcasts after two relatively moderate months. President Eisenhower is denounced as "half-witted," "criminal," "degenerate." Preventive action in Jordan is called for, to forestall an alleged Israeli plan to attack the Jordan River Valley after the British troops leave.

Cairo. Nasser attacks Tunisian President Bourguiba as a "tool of imperialism" and "paid agent of Washington," as the Arab League votes $32 million support to the Algerian rebels.

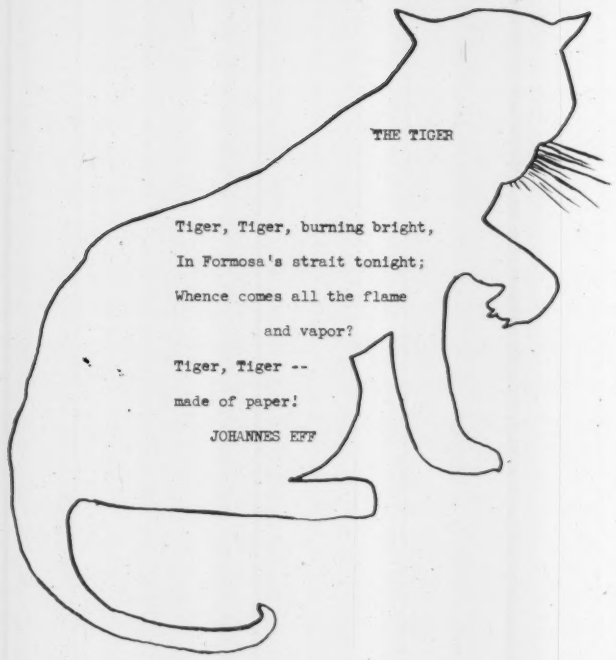
Washington. In an address to the Navy League, Vice Admiral Charles R. Brown, director of Lebanon landings and until a month ago commander of the Sixth (Mediterranean) Fleet, declares: "World War III has long since started, whether we'll admit it or not. We are locked in a life and death struggle with the Communists and we are not doing too well. *The enemy's power of deception is exceeded only by our ability to deceive ourselves.*"

Nuclear Crisscross

The Administration has turned the nuclear test issue upside down, with the resulting loss of balance that is only natural in that posture. The first, controlling question should have been: are continuing nuclear tests in the interest of the United States? The Pentagon and the Atomic Energy Commission—qualified by knowledge and charged by law to have an opinion thereon—unconditionally replied: Yes, we should continue nuclear tests. This is the overriding consideration that ought to have dictated our handling of the demagogic Soviet campaign on the test issue.

Instead, the President allowed the judgment of his military and technical advisers to be swamped by a tidal wave of pseudo-humanitarian rhetoric. Let the U.S. propose a test suspension, it was compromised, provided the USSR agrees to inspection and disarmament measures. They won't agree, so we'll get the psychological credit and can still go ahead with our own program.

But political warfare is not a matter of slick tricks. You've got to mean it. By proposing the test suspension the Administration, in world opinion, was underwriting the Soviet contention—altogether false and nationally injurious—that an end to nuclear tests would be a good thing for the world. But if it's good, then the Soviet proposal for a pledge to end tests at once and eternally is best of all. And the Anglo-American insistence on a year-by-year approach,



subject to development of inspection controls, is just petty haggling over details.

And that's the propaganda hole in which we have now landed. Of course the Communists will not agree to a really adequate inspection system—not because they are unwilling to stop tests, but because they will not allow the outside world to learn as much about their non-nuclear affairs as a nuclear inspection system would inevitably disclose. Of course they cannot be trusted to keep any agreement about anything anyway. But they have jockeyed us into a ludicrous position where we must either refrain from further tests—without inspection or any other guarantee—or be branded, if we resume them, as violators of our own principle that tests are evil.

There is reason to hope that the pressure of our military leaders will bulldoze us out of this absurd dilemma of our own making. But we shall continue to get into new jams of the same sort until we begin taking as the first premise of our political decisions: the interest and security of the United States.

Only the Half of It

Field Marshal Viscount Montgomery of Alamein, KG, is one to let his tongue wag, which makes him a distinctly refreshing personality. His latest blast, directed against the United States for practicing an "inconsistent" foreign policy which has worked to "destroy" British, French and Dutch influence in Africa and Asia, is true enough; but, like most such charges, it is true only as far as it goes. What Monty did not say is that his own preferred leader, Winston Churchill, who has known all along what Communism portends, did virtually nothing to dissuade fools

The Quemoy Ploy

The State Department simply could not understand why—or so it mumbled to newsmen, its mouth full of bobby-pins, for the news was really too dishevelling—simply could not understand why the Chinese Communists had broken their own ceasefire and gone back to shelling Quemoy. The blank dismay may have been merely official; a public face. Or it may be congenital. In any case, a lot of people shared the same perplexity.

Why, the question ran, should the Communists want to louse up everything again just when Secretary of State Dulles was due in Formosa to do something mitigating? For a whisper had rustled from the inner courts of State, where the politic fountains purl and the nightingales divinely sing, that the U.S. government had secretly reached a policy decision. The decision was for partial, piecemeal retirement of the Formosan forces from Quemoy. Mr. Dulles' visit to Taiwan, so sang the nightingales, was to bring President Chiang abreast of American thinking, and to adumbrate a formula. A formula, as mothers know, is what you feed a baby at weaning time. The formula would include the incantatory word "peace," and withdrawal would not be called withdrawal. So, why, why, why, in view of all this, did those tactless bulls in the mainland China-shop start smashing up the scenery again?

That "why," and the wonder and fluster that go with it, follow naturally from a false scent that has been painstakingly laid down in the past weeks. The false scent: the Quemoy crisis is about some specks of worthless real estate. The real estate argument is well known and needs no laboring. But before we leave it, let us glance at the grain of reality it rests on. Quemoy Island corks up the Communist harbor of Amoy. Quemoy, in Formosan hands, serves as a staging ground for anti-Communist propaganda and occasional commando raids. In short, for mainland China, Quemoy has the nuisance value of a buzzing mosquito.

It is not true, either, that, in shelling Quemoy, the Communists are chiefly concerned in collecting real estate. Quemoy, as real estate, is the most incidental of Communism's concerns in its current crisis policy. That policy has been carefully calculated; has long ends in view; and, like many a carefully calculated policy (Communist or otherwise), is intended, thriftily, to accomplish a number of them at a single stroke. All interrelate. Some are visible at a glance. Let us consider two we can easily see, peeling them off, one, then the other, on our way to Communism's central purpose at Quemoy.

Peeling I—*Quemoy for home consumption.* Communist China is, at this moment, engaged in mass collectivization of its peasants. That is to say, mainland China is convulsed by such a revolution, decreed from above, as the Soviet Union knew in the 1930's. Moreover, the Chinese Communists appear to be going beyond anything their Russian counterparts dared. If reports are true, the Chinese are organizing county-size collectives, almost completely self-contained; each with its own central workshops, kitchens, separate sleeping barracks for men and women, nurseries for children happily removed from the mischievous care of parents; and each has its own militia for guerrilla warfare. Nothing like this total communization has been known anywhere before. The organizational dislocation must be seismic. A torrent of wretchedness and hatred is directed toward the Chinese Communists. How nicely Quemoy serves to distract such uncivil passions from Peking, and redirect them toward the enemy without, the United States and its catspaw, Formosa! But something else should be noted. It scarcely seems likely that a government, engaged in a planned revolution on this scale, can seriously be contemplating war with the United States.

Peeling II—*Quemoy for external consumption.* There can be little doubt that for Asians, in the year 1958, the biggest object in Asia is Communist China—not only in terms of geographic mass. Britain withdrew from India, and no doubt this voluntary action left its residue of incredulous respect. But, to the very degree that it was voluntary, even this last generous act left its little aftertaste of condescension. The Chinese, per contra, gloriously chased their foreign devils into the sea. Scarcely was that done, when they compounded the feat by chasing the Americans from the Yalu River halfway down the Korean peninsula. Then, under the grinning eyes of Asia, they held them to months of humiliating parley, ending in a stalemate equivalent to defeat. Meanwhile, China flexed its pretensions to be a world power and set about organizing industry to back the pretensions. A Western diplomat in Malaya put it this way: "The day the first jeep made in China rolls down the main street of Singapore, it will all be over."

Neither the day nor the jeep has arrived. But the Asian would have to be deaf who does not think he hears the dawn coming up like thunder out of China 'cross the bay. It is the promise of Chinese power to come, joined to current Communist power to make the West look ridiculous, that is the truly explosive mixture. We are in the area, here, of the colonial mind and its ingrained resentments. Besides, to the weak, the strong are always a little funny. Laughter is the ultimate vengeance weapon. The Chinese Communists know this, and they are making Asia's smile at our discomfiture into an instrument of grand policy. It is one of the most economical ever devised, and one of the most effective.

in Washington, D.C., when he had the opportunity.

As a matter of fact, it was Churchill himself who let the Communist Tito take over in Yugoslavia, which, in retrospect, looms as the key event which started the fall of the dominoes in the Middle and Far East. True enough, Washington messed things up at the time of Suez quite as Montgomery says; but it was Montgomery's own countrymen who kept MacArthur from winning a victory in Korea which would have checked the forward march of Communism everywhere. What the Field Marshal should have said is that the U.S. and Britain have combined to patent a sure-fire formula for losing. When the Soviets turn on the pressure in the Near East, Washington leads the retreat; when the pressure is shifted to the Far East, the command to yield goes out from London. The Soviet strategy ought to be plain as day to the hero of El Alamein, who won his first great victory by slicing in between uncoordinated allies (the Germans and the Italians) precisely as the Communists have been slicing in between Britain and America ever since 1945.

In the Cause of Justice?

The persecution of Lawyer Godfrey Schmidt conducted in behalf of James Hoffa Jr. by Lawyer Edward Bennett Williams is something that ought to engage the attention of unprejudiced men, particularly those before whom Mr. Williams is fond of exhibiting his exquisite concern for civil liberties and fair play. Ever since Godfrey Schmidt took the case of the thirteen union members who objected to the fraudulent election of Hoffa as President of the Teamsters, he has been subjected to an unremitting campaign of legal, financial and journalistic harassment, under the direction of Edward Bennett Williams.

Most recently Williams, in behalf of Hoffa, filed a wordy and diffuse complaint with the Court demanding that Schmidt be ousted as one of the three Court-appointed Monitors of the Teamsters, on the grounds that a) Schmidt was handicapped by a conflict of interest (in that he continues to represent employers who engage with Teamster locals in collective bargaining); b) Schmidt is avaricious in the handling of expense accounts; c) Schmidt has proved himself to be extremely antagonistic to James Hoffa; and d) Schmidt is against organized labor, *vide* his views on mass picketing and right-to-work.

Mr. Schmidt has filed a long affidavit (widely unnoticed by the same press that headlines each release from Mr. Williams' office) in answer to Mr. Williams, and it makes very satisfying reading indeed. In considerable detail, the individual charges are discussed, and Williams is devastated. Summarizing the defense against the charge that there is a conflict of interest ("Collective bargaining is outside of the scope of the Consent Order and of the Monitorship"), Schmidt writes: "It is not conflict of interest that really motivates this first charge; it is conflict with Hoffa. Louis XIV said *'L'état, c'est moi'* and Hoffa similarly implies: 'I am the Union!' And Williams, by practically identifying his retainer for Hoffa with his retainer by the International, which pays both retainers, seems to concur."

On the question of expense accounts, Schmidt easily showed that his expenses were, except for an insignificant item or two, approved by the majority of the monitors, in whose discretion the Court implicitly vested the power to authorize expenses; and that a false impression had been created by Williams as the result of a deft manipulation of figures. Schmidt permits himself a smile at the anxiety of Messrs. Williams, Hoffa, *et al.*, over the handling of union monies. "Let them look into the conduct of Mr. Hoffa himself, to say nothing of his Teamster friends . . . For example, Hoffa took $330,000 of Welfare Funds and lent that money to his own attorney and to his own accountant for a private real estate deal. He lent to his friend Mr. Dranow, $1,200,000 of Union Funds . . . To defend his own misdoings, he has been hiring lawyers right and left, paying them promptly and without hesitation handsome fees out of the Union Treasury . . ."

Is he anti-Hoffa? Of course he is, he says, and was known by the Court to be when he was appointed Monitor. "I have long since come to the conclusion, as I set forth in my Supplemental Report, which is part of the printed Initial Report of the Monitors, that Mr. Hoffa and his provisional officers . . . are so detrimental to the welfare of unionism in general and the Teamster membership in particular . . . that they must be eliminated. I have never made any secret of this. Hoffa's conduct and attitude are such as to convince me beyond a reasonable doubt that it is impossible to expect any real reform . . . [He and his associates] are . . . some of the most dastardly and dangerous misleaders of labor in the country, men who are a disgrace to organized labor and civilization . . ."

And answering Williams' complaint that Godfrey Schmidt had made public statements on right-to-work laws and picketing which are "adverse, inconsistent and incompatible with the position taken by all organized labor": "When I became a Monitor," wrote Schmidt, "and an officer of this Court, I did not also become a second rate citizen with lesser rights of free speech and opinion." What will Edward Bennett Williams, member of the National Advisory Board of the American Civil Liberties Union, say to that one?

Casals, Pol

The great Pablo Casals came to New York last week, bent over his cello, and enthralled his audience at the United Nations Building, as he had the reporters at a press conference. It is a very sad thing to have to say, but if Señor Casals had played the cello as Jack Benny plays the violin, his audience would have been just as enthralled: because to that political lot Casals is primarily a political hero (his heroism consists in stubbornly misunderstanding the nature of the Spanish Civil War, and boycotting Franco Spain), and everyone knows that political heroes are, *ex officio*, great at whatever they do.

We overheard Don Juan, pretender to the throne of Spain, parry a question last spring by a Liberal journalist who asked why hadn't he, while in Puerto Rico on the way to Washington, called on Pablo Casals? "Because," said Don Juan amiably, "I love music. I know Pablo very well. And if I had gone to see him, he wouldn't have talked about music, but about politics, and I hate politics." We feel about Señor Casals somewhat the way Toscanini felt about Richard Strauss: "As an artist," Toscanini told Strauss heatedly, "I take my hat off to you. As a man I put on my hat ten times!"

We Stand Corrected—Maybe

We have a letter from the Honorable J. Lee Rankin, Solicitor General of the United States, Washington, D.C. He writes:

> There has just come to my attention the October 11, 1958 issue of the National Review which contains an imaginary opinion of the Supreme Court of the United States in a fictitious case, "Rippling Creek Club v. U.S.A.," dated May 20, 1974. The caption of the "opinion" attributes its authorship to "Some playful (and anonymous!) young attorneys in the office of the Solicitor General of the U.S."
>
> There are eight staff attorneys in the Office of the Solicitor General of the United States. I have satisfied myself that none of them had any connection whatsoever with this disrespectful imaginary "opinion." The attribution of authorship to "some" of these lawyers was entirely baseless and irresponsible in view of the ease with which the true facts could have been ascertained. I expect the National Review to print an early and complete retraction, as prominently featured as the erroneous caption.

We are glad to pass along to our readers the news that Mr. Rankin has satisfied *himself* that the author of the distinguished and amusing article in question was not an assistant of his. How did NATIONAL REVIEW come to make the attribution? Because the manuscript was forwarded to us by a lawyer who informed the magazine that as far as *he* knew, the piece had been written in the Solicitor General's office. Let the reader satisfy *himself* as to the source of the satire. As for us: if we had written the piece, and worked for the SG, and if he had hauled us up and asked us about it, we'd have taken the Fifth. Or maybe told a little white lie. We do not, of course, exclude the possibility that Mr. Rankin has objectively established that he does not have, on his staff, anyone with the wit to have authored the piece. If that was the nature of his investigation, and those were the findings, we capitulate completely and extend our sympathy.

Red Star, Reborn

It has never been publicly established whether Edgar Snow was or still is a Communist agent, but it is certain that through his books, articles and personal influence he had as much to do as any man with the popularization of those lies and illusions that paved the road toward the Communist conquest of China. In *Red Star Over China* and its successor volumes Snow appointed himself poet-laureate to Mao Tse-tung and verbal bloodsucker of Chiang Kai-shek. After a spell of quiescence in the post-Hiss decade, Snow is once again heard from—in perfectly timed coincidence with a new crisis on the Chinese front. *Journey to the Beginning*, pushed by a leading publisher, has been slavishly reviewed by no less than C. L. Sulzberger (*Times*) and A. T. Steele (*Herald Tribune*).

In an early issue of NATIONAL REVIEW, William Henry Chamberlin will comment on Snow's new ode to our enemies and curse on our friends. We here note a fresh item of some interest that Mr. Snow adds to the history of our times: the disclosure (boast, indeed) that among the most eager readers of ***Red Star Over China*** was President Franklin D. Roosevelt, who summoned the author to the White House to learn from his lips the China story.

Notes and Asides

Our proposal to challenge the *Washington Post's* journalistic monopoly in Washington (October 25) has caught the fancy of a number of businessmen, who have written in to say so, and to promise help if the project gets off the ground. We shall keep a file of their letters, to turn over to the first persons who undertake a serious exploration of the proposal. And we shall publish, in an early issue, a piece which will give more concrete shape to the move to liberate Washington from the control of the polemical left.

National Trends

Degradation of the Plutocratic Dogma

FORREST DAVIS

With a nod toward Henry Adams' "degradation of the democratic dogma," I submit that we are witnessing again in 1958 the political degradation of the plutocratic dogma of Mark Hanna by the plutocracy itself (if such there still is) or, if you prefer, Big Business. We likewise are witnessing, unless I am mistaken, the last, labored, Whiglike breathing of the Republican Party as the instrument of the conservative tradition and the balanced elites.

The refusal of the "fat cats" to shell out for Senator William F. Knowland in California and his equally hard-pressed Arizona neighbor, Senator Barry Goldwater, as well as other opponents of a "labor"-leftist hegemony, reveals anew the evasiveness, the downright political cowardice and the intellectual impoverishment of the plutocracy.

According to the Pareto thesis, ours is a society of multiple elites, each bringing its interest and argument to bear on public opinion and the several governments, federal and state. Applying a rule of thumb, let us say that these are typical and predominating elites: the organized farm producers, the trade union hierarchy, or "bosses"; the industrial producers and allied banking and transportation interests; and, newest of all the elites, the communicating complex of journalism, the lively arts and the universities. This elite may roughly be described as the intelligentsia, a term of Czarist Russian origin.

Of these the waning farm and the rising Big Business interest are, or should be, conservative, *i.e.*, adherents of economic freedom and reconciled to the historic competition of the elites at Washington. "Labor," intent on a secure, status economy at home, prevailingly rejects Soviet imperialistic totalitarianism. As for the intelligentsia, deeply estranged from the plutocracy, or capitalism: adventurous, it is uncritically pro-"labor," disaffected from our organic past and professing a "liberalism" open to every wind from Moscow and, more markedly, Peiping.

The difference between the producing, conservative interests and the "labor"-intellectual coalition this year is sharp and fateful. The coalition is bent on seizing the power of the state and distorting the competitive balance of the elites.

It was about that power drive that the extraordinarily perceptive Ralph Cordiner spoke at Hot Springs, Virginia. The head of General Electric, who in his own person never has degraded the dogma of plutocracy, ignored the collaboration of intellectuals and labor "bosses"; nor did he mention the trend toward its statist goal, a monopolistic elite, as in Nazi Germany and the lands of the Communist empire.

Mr. Cordiner went, however, to the heart of the matter when he warned that a "labor" triumph on November 4 would provide a grave "imbalance" in our politics, giving to the Reutherite forces a weight "exceeding the political power of all other groups and individuals combined."

The 85th Congress

The weight of this coalition pressed heavily on the national interest in the 85th Congress. Conservatives who console themselves with the reflection that, whatever the coalition's gains in the 86th Congress, Lyndon Johnson and Sam Rayburn still will be on guard against excess, forget the two significant subordinations of the Majority Leader and the Speaker in the last session. It was "Mr. Sam" who blocked House acceptance of any union-curbing bill, and Mr. Johnson who frustrated, by shrewd parliamentary jockeying, the Senate's manifest desire to rebuke the Supreme Court and mitigate certain of its decisions in the Communist cases.

The 85th Congress conformed pretty much in balance to the pattern of Pareto's "circulating elite" that has approximately obtained since the rise of Populism in the 1890s and the subsequent "muckraking" era broke the power of the post-Civil War plutocracy. What may be expected of a Congress virtually denuded of Taft conservatives, its "labor"-"liberal" complement largely increased and with the probable examples of Knowland and Goldwater vividly before it?

The Hanna plutocracy of 1898, openly insisting upon nominating and electing candidates faithful to the large producing interests, has vanished along with the bustle and the big-wheeled bike. What of the residual plutocracy of 1958? For the first time in my long observation of politics it has abandoned its champions, giving to the candidates opposing the "labor"-"liberal" ascendancy at Washington a niggling support, if any.

In California, where the abdication is most pronounced as we approach the November 4 "moment of truth," the plutocracy, or tycoonery, had its own reasons for abandoning Knowland. He made the voluntary unionism, or right-to-work, issue his for reasons of principle. Opposing autocracy in the unions, Knowland at Sacramento would have applied principle to any undue assertions of influence by the producing elites as well. Knowing that, the tycoonery obviously preferred a more compliant governor.

Having refused to stand by the guns of principle in Republican national politics since 1940, the plutocracy this year refused battle altogether. That is the substance behind the reports of Republican campaign poverty in the daily press.

Such of the plutocracy as still regards itself as an elite should study the experience of its European counterparts. One of the phenomena of postwar politics on the Continent is the all but complete disappearance of parties representing the capitalistic, or essentially middle class, interest. The British Tories and the Republicans have timidly gone along with the drift to the statist left. Whether they could have stemmed it is problematical. The truth is that the plutocracy hasn't even tried.

Class Struggle—American Style

In every American community there is a constant struggle for social eminence; but the criteria of eminence are being steadily debased

ANTHONY HARRIGAN

It has long been part of American folklore that ours is the only country in the world where social classes don't exist. Such is the myth. And the myth is ridiculous.

Whatever the country and the culture, whether capitalist, Communist or mixed, the phenomenon of classes occurs. Classes are a corollary of natural or artificial inequalities. Every society develops standards for admission, and entry into the leading group is conditional upon an individual's measuring up to these standards.

Long ago, in an America much smaller and more stable than our own, class distinctions began with land. Landowning magnates like the Van Renssalaers in New York and the Carters in Virginia formed the first American upper class. They brought civilization to America and introduced into frontier communities the forms and order of the Old World. Land, for these early aristocrats, symbolized power *and* responsibility.

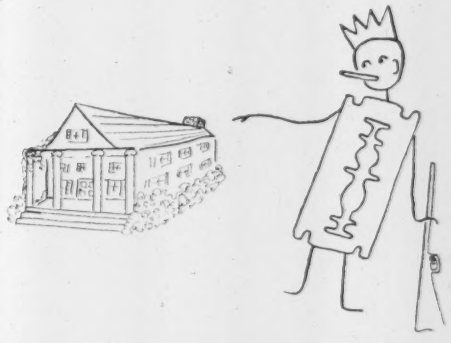
That land-ownership is a good thing is a notion that has come down to our own era. Industrialists, soft-drink bottlers, promoters and press agents, retired razor-blade kings, publishers of picture magazines, government officials—all find it advantageous to own broad acres in the fox-hunting precincts of Warrenton or Charlottesville, Virginia, in New York's Westchester County, on Philadelphia's Main Line . . . Ownership of a country estate is more than a high-priced pleasure. It often serves as waterwings in the social swim.

But loss of land no longer entails loss of prestige and position. Today's Americans are continually on the move, searching for the most productive fields of endeavor. A New Yorker studies aeronautical engineering in Illinois, joins an aircraft firm with headquarters in Los Angeles, and is transferred to the company's new plant in north Georgia. A Virginian is educated at Princeton, joins a Pittsburgh steel company, is assigned to operations in Venezuela, and reassigned to the company's Boston office. This is the American pattern at mid-century. Americans live where corporations or the government decree.

What did an upper class signify before the pattern of life changed? These things, surely: land, strong family ties, a single unifying religious tradition, and political power. In the older society men and women were judged in accordance with long-established precedents. Such a society was best described by Edmund Burke as a "partnership not only between those who are living, but between those who are dead, and those who are yet to be born." Within this framework, men and women were measured and their acts judged by traditional criteria.

Do Americans judge their breed after this fashion today?

It is by no means easy to establish all the criteria of judgment in our



time. Lip service is paid to the ideal of absolute democracy; yet there is a great gulf in American communities between social groups. There are hierarchies in neighborhoods, summer resorts, book clubs, schools and other social arrangements. The fierce upward struggle of Americans can be detected wherever one looks; yet in spite of it there are many who persist in refusing to admit that classes exist.

Wealth became an important basis of class after the Civil War, but its importance has been qualified in recent decades. For that reason, many Americans employ invalid stereotypes in discussing class distinctions. And some scholars, not alert to social changes, are still under the spell of old radical cartoonists who depicted the American upper class as plutocrats with stomachs bulging beneath loud vests, cigars clamped between gold teeth and eyes glittering with rapacity.

Class distinctions nowadays are not simply a division of people into rich and poor. The poor are not the ragged band they were in decades past. The son of the man who was a sweatshop worker forty years ago may be a highly paid television repairman earning more than the college professor, a son of the well-to-do architect of forty years ago. The rich, on the other hand, no longer live in the baronial style of the Victorian era. High income taxes reduce their liquid assets and increase their self-consciousness. Even the very rich are a little afraid to display their wealth. The Ford family is characterized in popular biography as merely a very, very comfortably-off middle class family. The Rockefellers seek a public image of devotion to solid, stable and safe civic interests. And when *Life* goes to one of their parties it encounters none of the extravagance of the nineties. It is inconceivable that anyone, however rich and independent, would attempt a society splash like the famous dinner at the old Waldorf Hotel at which guests entered the ballroom on horseback.

What, then, is the present criterion of social status? Is it good birth?

In a small number of older cities (one thinks of Boston, Richmond, Charleston, Savannah, New Orleans) old families continue to exert a pow-

erful influence on "society." In these cities relatively poor but absolutely well-born individuals are ranked higher than wealthy persons newly arrived on the social scene. The advent of major corporate enterprises does not modify the social hierarchy in any fundamental way. One is of the class one is born into, and, if one can do little to rise in the scale, it is virtually impossible to fall very far. Of course the insider who knows these cities is well aware that for a generation their social traditions have been slowly giving way. The remnant of the old aristocracy in America is being schooled to the empty standards of the modern era.

Aristocrats in Politics

Yet it is foolish to assume that gentle birth, as that term is understood in America, is, so far, of trifling importance. There is strong evidence that family still means a great deal in American life, especially in politics. The career of President Franklin D. Roosevelt is a case in point. It was to his immense advantage, and one of the sources of his political appeal, that Franklin Delano Roosevelt the political leader was also Franklin Delano Roosevelt the Hudson River aristocrat. There were many Americans who, though they disagreed with his revolutionary policies, nonetheless relished the patrician flavor of his manners. And this admiration was not confined to Anglophile old ladies in Virginia or stuffy clubmen in Boston. The crowds, too, loved him for his lordly air.

The fact is, of course, that Henry Wallace's "common man," though quick to deny it, is still a great respecter of gentle birth and the gentle manners associated with it. Just look at American politics! It is a myth that Americans respect the log cabin tradition. Time and time again they seek their leaders in families that have already given able leaders to the nation.

In Massachusetts, where the Irish dominate politics, the senior United States Senator is Leverett Saltonstall, a Boston Brahmin. Henry Cabot Lodge Jr., former Senator from the Bay State and present chief of the American delegation to the UN, is another Brahmin who has found political life an open road. And in recent years a Bradford, descendant of the Governor Bradford famous in New England history, served as chief executive of Massachusetts.

In Virginia the senior United States Senator is Harry F. Byrd, a member of the great family which has been a power in the Old Dominion from its earliest days. The late Senator Robert A. Taft of Ohio, the single most influential Senator at the time of his death, was the son of a President of the United States. Adlai Stevenson, twice selected as standard bearer of the party of Liberalism and social reform, is the grandson of a Vice President. Associate Justice John Harlan of the Supreme Court is the grandson of a man who once occupied a seat on the same tribunal. And Secretary of State John Foster Dulles likewise holds the same office that his grandfather held.

So it is a fact that an old name or an old fortune is one of the very best guarantees of success and influence a man in public life can have. And isn't that curious in a country which is forever bragging of its equalitarian democracy! It is a social phenomenon in which thinking citizens can take pride. And yet . . .

The Road to Celebrity

More and more, the society of good breeding and gentle manners tends to merge with—and be corrupted by—that horrifying phenomenon known as "café society," whose typical manifestation in the modern megalopolis is the suffocatingly overcrowded night club in which bands blare incessantly, debutantes rub shoulders with gangsters, and the claim to coveted preferential treatment by the proprietor (as likely as not a former bootlegger with more than a touch of gangsterism in his past) is settled competitively with reference to sheer notoriety. "Glamor" and publicity, in this socially bamboozled age, are rapidly taking precedence over family background. And the road to such celebrity means participation in affairs featured in the press and on television.

These do not include service on the board of an orphan asylum, or similar good works. Such activities no longer carry social credit. Climbers are eager to become sponsors of organizations such as The National Committee for the Betterment of School Lunches in Sumatra or The Contemporary Fund for the Promotion of Visual Aids in the Free Kindergartens of Honduras. Faraway causes are what get headlines for would-be celebrities. The dull, somewhat grubby tasks of the charity that begins at home aren't on the receiving end of publicity.

How to Win Friends

The old paths for social climbers are as out-of-date as a road map of the 1920s. A conservative tone, restraint in manner and dress, close adherence to traditional rules and sanctions—all are useless if one desires to climb to the stars, such as the stars may be. A breezy liberalism in ideas and behavior is a gilt-edged invitation practically anywhere in America today, whereas conservatism is like a greasy thumbmark on a fine lace tablecloth.

The interests and pleasures of the new American upper class have changed as the suburbs of 1957 have changed from those of 1927. Down the chute of history have gone the Spanish armor in the oak-panelled hall, the bearded portrait of Grandfather, who built the first sewing machine factory in the Buckeye State, the pine "camp" in the Adirondacks. Not that the Great God Pomp has disappeared from the national scene: the armor has been replaced by Calder mobiles, the portraits by Jackson Pollock paintings, and the pine "camp" by the concrete summer house with the deep-freeze look.

The lady of the house in the 1950s isn't interested in being a lady. Thanks to the newspaper ads and the TV commercials, she is intent on being "all woman," and with the passage of the years she becomes more youthful through the aid of the synthetic rubber and chemical industries —the beneficiary of the cult of youth. The Daughters of the American Revolution, garden clubs, old-fashioned charity organizations, groups connected with the church she no longer attends or belongs to—none of these arouses her interest. The modern woman of high fashion in metropolitan centers desires to become a patroness of a non-objective art museum or trustee of an experimental theater group. It is the offbeat in-

stitution or organization that captures the interest of this type.

The changing interests of the "rich and well-born" are writ large in the columns of daily newspapers and the special articles of *Town & Country* and *Vogue*, in *Life* and other mass circulation magazines. The blurring or outright destruction of social and cultural standards can best be demonstrated by comparing present and former epochs. The better quality of older times in America is evidenced in manners, structures, intellectual achievements—the total past record of the states and the Republic. The houses of the whaling-ship captains of Nantucket and of merchants at Annapolis speak with eloquence of the sense of style, dignity and real values of this country's early history. The bleak, tomblike construction—square masses of concrete and steel—of our great cities today conveys the aridity of contemporary social ideals.

Neglect of manners is another sign of the poor quality of these ideals. Today, in many a home, insistence upon the practice of men standing when women enter a room has been relaxed. Boorishness has increased in personal relations through a lack of close attention to such gestures of courtesy. It is but a step from such a failure of manners to a loss of respect for elderly people and an abdication of responsibility for those who are no longer young. Many modern people have declined to assume their responsibilities toward the aged and demanded that government take over this so-called "problem."

"*Age of the Ant-Heap*"

A view of the nation's political life —the men who conduct it—is equally a reproach to the social ideals which have come to prevail among us. There is a small band of able, devoted political leaders. But what of the rest? The dignity of a Washington, the lofty idealism of a Jefferson, the libertarian zeal of a Calhoun, the fiery righteousness of a John Randolph of Roanoke, the constitutionalism of a Daniel Webster—how conspiciously absent these qualities are from the American scene at the mid-point of the twentieth century! Absent also is the large class of leaders on the state and local level whose civic devotion and steadfast constitutionalism mirrored that of the national leaders. One is reminded of Amiel's prophetic observation more than a century ago: "The age of great men is going. The age of the ant-heap, of life in multiplicity, is beginning."

No debunking historian can get around the fact that the private papers and journals of state leaders of earlier days show remarkable personal qualities. In the early days, our people lived closer to the soil, closer to the struggle for constitutional rights and basic liberties, Americans were an extraordinary breed. Consider what Alexis de Tocqueville had to say of the frontier dweller of the early nineteenth century:

> Everything about him is primitive and wild, but he is in himself the result of the labor and experience of 18 centuries. He wears the dress and speaks the language of cities; he is acquainted with the past, curious about the future, and ready for argument about the present; he is, in short, a highly civilized being, who consents for a time to inhabit the backwoods, and who penetrates into the wilds of the New World with the Bible, an axe, and some newspapers. It is difficult to imagine the incredible rapidity with which thought circulates in the midst of these deserts. I do not think that so much intellectual activity exists in the most enlightened and populous districts of France.

Would it be possible for a foreign visitor to make such a comment on the former frontier districts today? Is it likely that in the air-conditioned nightmare of modern metropolitan centers, where audiences of supposedly intelligent people find enjoyment and, they say, edification, in the myths of a Tennessee Williams, civilized observers would look with approval on prevailing social ideals? The present-day French fear of Americanization is an answer to these questions. Civilized men in other lands fear our vulgar social ideals and their debilitating effects.

Something tragic has happened to life in this Republic and to the people who conduct its affairs. The leaders of an older America knew men and nature, institutions and history. They built proud and impressive structures such as the State House in Boston, the porticoed mansions of Charleston and the massive brick plantation houses of Virginia. They carried out superb agricultural engineering works, enjoyed deer hunts in the swamps, danced half the night in isolated plantation houses where life was gay and possessed flavor. They led interesting, active, vital lives and, moreover, recorded them in witty, newsy letters and journals full of humor and shrewd insights.

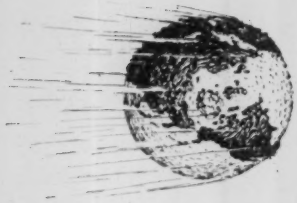
Trend toward Conformity

No doubt people of taste and sensibility who also have a sense of history always find much to criticize in their age. And yet some ages *are* vulgar and cheap. The social arrangements—class distinctions if you will—fail to meet the needs of the age. A judgment on contemporary America which takes into account these facts can be sustained. Many a keen observer of American life has noted our lack of continuity, rooted ways, and Christian morality.

Much of our trouble stems from the unhappy fact that the brand of democracy stressed in recent decades has concerned itself with an appeal to the mass instead of aiming to make the "common man" uncommon. The impulse of contemporary American democracy has been in the opposite direction from intelligence and the Roman passion for virtue. It has been toward conformity, popularity and ease. There has been a fear of excellence.

The equalitarian passion of our time has no room for aristocracy of intellect or manners; only for oligarchic customs. Love of majoritarian triumphs has discouraged the growth of critical élites. American democracy today represents indifference to local liberties, a passion for doctrinaire change because change in itself is allegedly "thrilling," an overt contempt for faith in anything save economic determinism, and ignorance of the true role of property in the winning and securing of liberty.

In their everyday living, Americans engage in a struggle for social status while theoretically rejecting the idea of social status. The great need of our time is, therefore, the cultivation of ideas of excellence that can express the valid aspirations of gifted American men and women. In the spirit and genius of the earlier American leaders are the ideals that offer the greatest promise.



The Lions Are Ousting the Foxes

JAMES BURNHAM

During the past month the system of internal government imposed by ideologues on the new nations of Asia has fallen apart. In one after another country a soldier—usually the chief of the armed forces—has assumed political command in order to halt the dissolution of a nominal parliamentary democracy into anarchy. These successive coups d'état, carried through without much violence, have in most cases the approval of the chief civilian magistrate.

Thus, in Burma Premier Nu requested General Ne Win, the Chief of Staff, to take over. In Pakistan President Iskander Mirza acted as spokesman for General Mohammed Ayub Khan in explaining the start of military administration. The Thai Supreme Commander, Field Marshal Sarit Thanarat, accepted state power on October 20 from a premier—Thanom Kittikachorn—whom he had himself installed in office a year ago.

These men, both military and civilian, understand that more is involved in this crop of coups than maneuvers to solve a passing emergency. They see that the national troubles spring not merely from individual defects but from an unsuitable system of government grafted on their countries by the Western-educated, Western-imitating — and *therefore* often West-hating — intelligentsia.

Going to the Dogs

In a joint interview along with General Ayub Khan, President Mirza obviously meant to stress the theoretical conclusion as well as to justify their action. "I have no sanction of law or constitution. The country was going to the dogs. . . . It was clearly unrealistic to expect healthy democracy in a country where only 16 per cent of the population could read or write." Marshal Sarit's first decrees implied the same generalization: he abolished both the assembly and all political parties.

Prime Minister S.W.R.D. Bandaranaike of Ceylon, who though not himself a soldier has his country under a "state of emergency" after months of bloody riots, commented: "I have always had doubts whether the system [of parliamentary democracy] is quite suitable to some of our countries."

It is not merely lack of education that makes representative government unworkable in these Asian nations. For responsible, representative government over a large area, a substantial diet is required—transport and communication, a functioning fiscal system, a sizable middle class, trained professional and administrative cadres from which to draw government personnel, traditions of political restraint and compromise, moderate honesty, and certain religious or philosophical axioms about the relation of the individual to society. In Asia all of these are absent.

Lions and Foxes

The coming of the Generals is not confined to underdeveloped nations of Asia and Africa, but is a world-wide phenomenon. In the image of Machiavelli and Aesop: the Lions are replacing the Foxes.

Admiral Larrazábal in Venezuela, Colonel Batista in Cuba, Colonel Nasser in Egypt, General Aramburu in Argentina, General Chehab in Lebanon, General Stroessner in Paraguay. . . . But it does not stop with the roster of "less advanced" nations. General Franco in Spain, General de Gaulle in France . . . and, come to think of it, General Eisenhower right here at home.

In the political arena, the soldier-type is characteristically different from the civilian-type. The soldier-type tends to have stronger, steadier, more traditional convictions as well as a readier trust in force and the threat of force. The civilian-type is quicker to change, and prefers to rely on brains, adroitness, "combinations" (in Pareto's term), and fraud.

When the going gets really rough, when the situation becomes too dense for molding by the adroit combinations of the civilian-type, then a nation turns instinctively toward its soldiers. And the soldiers, who have been dutifully, even humbly, obeying the often perplexing orders of the smooth-talking civilians, respond, also instinctively, with a swelling confidence in their own values and calling.

Rule by the soldiers is less than the best form of government, by far, but let us not be too quick to dismiss it with the self-serving, self-revealing contempt of frightened intellectuals and corrupt bureaucrats. The armed forces are one of the great elements of order and continuity. The roll of contemporary nations saved from chaos or subversion by their soldiers grows day by day.

Voice of the Pentagon

General Eisenhower, with his background of administrative and diplomatic rather than fighting posts, is only a half-soldier-type. But back of him, and closer than if he were a full-civilian, is a looming echelon of generals, admirals and colonels. During the past six months the soldiers have been heard from in public more often and clearly than, I believe, ever before in our history. They have been led by Admiral Burke, Chairman of the Joint Chiefs, General Twining, Air Force Chief, and the commanding officers of the Eastern Mediterranean and the Western Pacific.

Our soldiers, too, thus come forward as the world-embattled nation falters under the combinations of the civilian-type. It was the soldiers, I believe, who forced the great—though still unrecognized and perhaps temporary—shift in our national policy marked by the troop landings in Lebanon and the military concentration in the Formosa Strait. They study—it is their profession—the maps, all the most secret dispatches, and the history of the destruction of empires. They are trying to tell us—though awkwardly, for talking is *not* their profession—how late it is.

There are good men—our very best—among them.

Letter from the University of Illinois

An Evening With An Anti-Right Wing Rabble-Rouser

THOMAS BURKE CARSON

At one end of the hall, arranged to suggest the mouth of a cave, was a picture of an American Indian illumined by a spotlight. Moving in and out of the narrow beam of light, orating and gesticulating, was a plausible young man who calls himself Gordon D. Hall. In the obscurity of the cave sat an audience of university students, most of them staring at the speaker with fanatical attention.

We were in the YMCA adjacent to the campus of the University of Illinois. And it was Hall's second appearance on that campus. He was giving substantially the same speech that he had given last February, a speech contrived to defame directly or by implication every conservative organization and publication in the United States.

Hall was introduced by an official of the YMCA, who solemnly warned his audience of the awful danger from "right-wingers, who spend more money in lobbying than any group except the Republican Party." Hall, we were told, has devoted years of his life to "research" on "such hate groups."

Hall himself is adroit. He begins with a simulated moderation that is deceptive, and he does not develop his subject until he has the more naive members of his audience thoroughly confused. He ingratiates himself with them by identifying them as fellow intellectuals. And his emotional effects are produced by intonation and gesture. When he mentions the House Committee on Un-American Activities, the sneer in his voice matches the smirk on his face. When he says "American Legion," his tone is an apology for the use of a dirty word; the DAR are "Drawers of the Awful Resolutions."

Hall eased into his assumptions. Everyone knew that everything "rightists" say is "reactionary." Labor unions, the United Nations, progressive education, integration, the ADA, the NAACP, Liberals, Walter Reuther, the Supreme Court—all are by definition above criticism. Disagree? Why, then you are a "hatemonger." To be sure, Hall does not explicitly state the premise. He is even capable of generosity. The conservative political organization For America "is not racist at all." But a few minutes later For America's policy turns out to be one of "active coordination between Southern racists and hatemongers in the North."

Familiar Technique

Much of Hall's technique is commonplace among professional defamers. He devoted, *e.g.*, a considerable amount of time to the notorious agitator, John Kasper, pointing out that "He refers to kikes and niggers." A moment later we were being told that "Dean Clarence Manion of the Notre Dame Law School says things differently from John Kasper, but he says *much the same thing.*"

In his references to NATIONAL REVIEW Hall was more cautious, remembering, perhaps, that his libel of William F. Buckley Jr., in the *Harvard Crimson* a few years ago, resulted in the publication of a grovelling retraction. Hall began his elliptical attack by impugning the integrity of Judge Tom Brady of Mississippi ("I hope you never have to face *him* in court!") He then attributed to Judge Brady, a founder of the White Citizens' Councils, a statement about Negroes which Hall interpreted as "Negro-baiting." And a moment later, with an adroit inflection of his voice, he said, "NATIONAL REVIEW hasn't dissociated itself from Negro-baiter support."

Gordon Hall

Hall stated that the little publications of the "rightists" and "racists" (for whom he "feels compassion") circulate, on the average, a mere three hundred copies—of which twenty go to Hall alone under the various aliases that he uses for the purpose of reducing their circulation by that number. ("Gosh!" said an admiring student, "that's clever!") But at another time he assured his audience that there are over 950 "rightist" groups, and that the "racists" alone number more than 3,500,000, that they "mean business" and "are willing to go all the way." He himself kept after them "at great personal sacrifice" and maintains "a catalogue" of "reactionaries," because, if they are not checked, "we may live to regret it."

Served with Derounian

For a time Hall served as a spy for an organization called "Friends of Democracy," which was headed by one Leon M. Birkhead, who first attracted attention as the sponsor of what is described in House of Representatives Document No. 136, p. 43, as "one of the most vicious Communist organizations ever set up in this country." Gordon Hall boasts of his ability to lie his way into the confidence of men on whom he chooses to spy. In 1948, for example, Hall and a fellow spy in the employ of the "Friends of Democracy," Avedis Derounian, disguised themselves as

anti-Marxists so skillfully that they were able to penetrate the Committee for Nationalist Action at the Republican Convention. Derounian, under one of his known aliases, John Roy Carlson, is the author of the infamous smear-book, *Under Cover*. When Derounian and his publishers (E. P. Dutton) were found guilty of libel in 1946, Federal Judge John P. Barnes said of him in open court, "I wouldn't believe this author if he was under oath, and I think he and the publisher are as guilty as anyone who was ever found guilty in this court before." In his appearance last February, Hall, of course, enthusiastically recommended and endorsed *Under Cover*.

Accomplished Actors

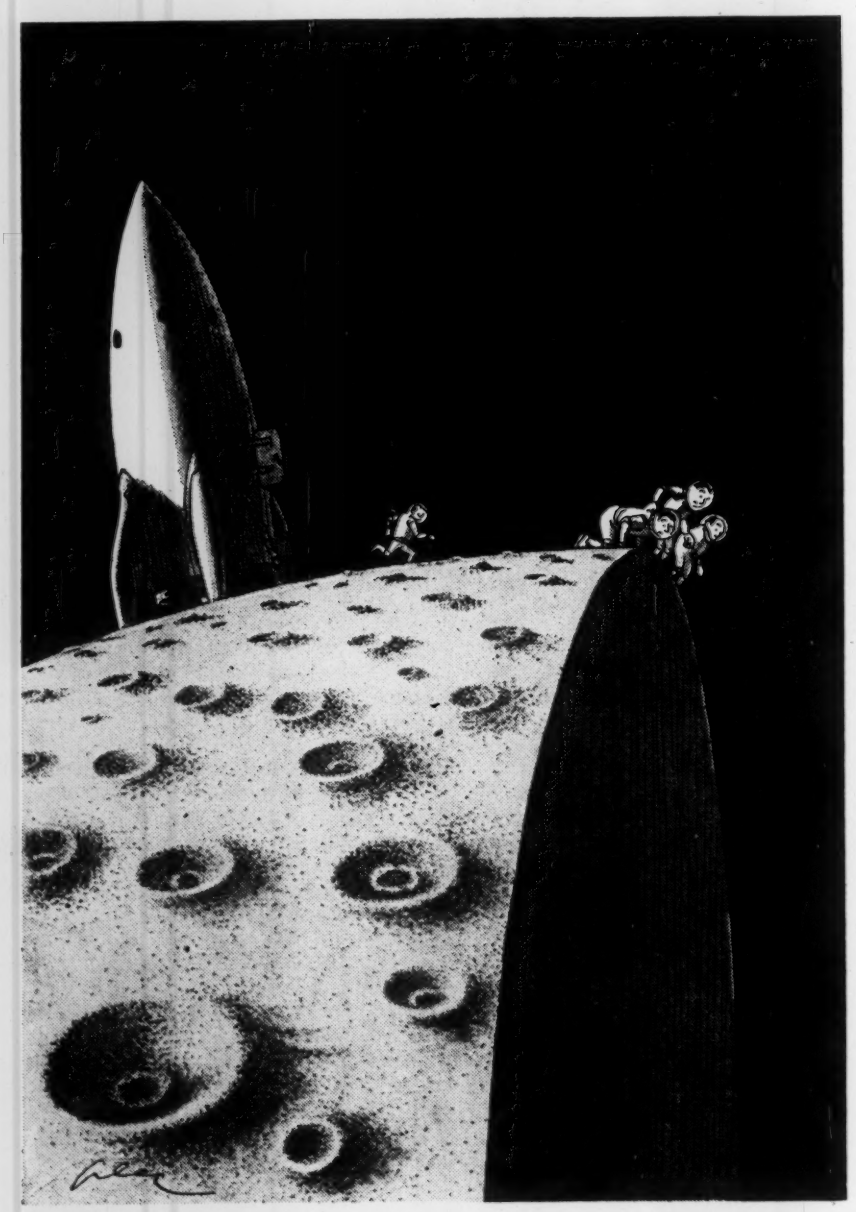
Another of Hall's playmates is Charles R. Allen Jr., with whom he founded, seven or eight years ago, an ephemeral smear-sheet called *Countertide*. The five issues of this sheet were devoted to smearing Fulton Lewis Jr., Herbert Hoover, Senator Mundt, and, within the limitations of space, any militant conservative who was currently an obstacle to the Communist conspiracy. Allen, posing as an earnest young conservative and the "son of a prominent Philadelphia surgeon" (his father was a chiropodist), wormed his way into the confidence of a prominent conservative journalist to gather details which he later used to lend an air of verisimilitude to a vicious and mendacious libel in *Countertide*. In this affair, Hall remained in the background, using the alias "G. D. Hill."

When Allen, professing to be eager to raise funds for conservative causes and to organize lectures by Dr. J. B. Matthews, had obtained a letter of introduction to a woman of means prominent for her devotion to defense of the United States against traitors, Allen, posing as a student in the Harvard Law School, and Hall, who was then operating under the alias "Gordon Walker," advanced upon the elderly widow immediately after her husband's death, seeking to pump information from her in her grief, and even attempting to plant Hall as a "guest" in her home.

Of the two, Allen is perhaps the more accomplished actor. In 1950 when he had obtained, by spying, information concerning a proposed conservative coalition in the Senate in 1952, the news promptly appeared in the *Washington Post* by Jack Anderson (of Drew Pearson's staff) and Fred Blumenthal. Allen's protestations of innocence, including a denial that he even knew Hall, were so plausible that he was, at first, believed to be innocent of the leak.

Allen, whose Communist-front record may be found in part in the Senate Judiciary Committee's *Strategy and Tactics of World Communism*, pp. 1173, 1180-84, is the author of three illuminating articles in *Labor's Daily* (March 14-16, 1956) directed against NATIONAL REVIEW, which he described as a "journal of hate." Its readers are "gutter fascists," and a picture of Gerald L. K. Smith and Father Coughlin appears above the assertion that "NATIONAL REVIEW . . . and its publishers show a clear liking for the same anti-labor and racist ideas preached by these hatemongers." The publishers of this billingsgate avoided prosecution by keeping secret their visits to New York State, thus avoiding service.

Altogether an interesting evening. The Gordon Halls and Charles Allens feast on the intolerance they so ceremoniously deplore. It is their life: and the *voyeurs* of the university world, glad to contribute to the reduction of American conservatism to the level of pathology, make it all possible by sitting and giving such operators their serious attention.



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Principles and Heresies

FRANK S. MEYER

Hey, Wait A Minute

So—we are going to the moon. If not at the next try, then at the one after, we shall be in orbit around it; and after that, on the moon's surface; and after that, on the nearer planets. One day men may penetrate into the galaxy beyond the solar system. Intergalactic Empire is not beyond the bounds of possibility.

I am not so reactionary as never to read science fiction, and, I admit, I have sometimes been moved by the vistas of human material triumph it opens. I understand something of the perspectives that are created by man's first feeble flutterings these years beyond our earth and atmosphere. I have no doubts of human ability to reach into space. I only deny—and this is where my reactionary colors begin to show—that there is any reason for men nurtured in the civilization of the West to devote their energies to doing so; and I would assert that there are a multitude of directions in which our energy can be better employed.

I make exception, of course, for such aspects of "space science" as may be necessary to the successful prosecution of our war with the Soviet Union. Space platforms, observational satellites, stations on the moon, have today the same immediate practical necessity for our survival that the engines Archimedes constructed had for the survival of Sicilian Syracuse, his city. But what we are doing is not simply to utilize our mechanical ability for those immediate necessities to which it applies, but to make of our skill in enginry an end in itself. This, Archimedes and the noble Grecian race from which he sprang never did.

With "science" in the old sense of the word, *scientia*, knowledge, they were deeply concerned; but for "science" in our sense of the word, the development of modes of technical control, they had (except where immediate needs dictated otherwise) a just contempt, as the occupation of slaves or children. They understood, by instinct and by philosophy, that to turn a means, however great its utility, into an end is to surrender man's portion to blind material forces.

We are told that the "conquest of space" will transform man, will, that is, make a different creature of him. But all our experience, conned by instructed intelligence, shows that the expansion of the area and power available to the human will does not by a jot or tittle transform the character of the human soul. It heightens the dimensions of the drama, but it does not affect the terms of good and evil which define it. It may, indeed, increase the temptation to the temptable side of man's nature, so that the corruptions to which we are heir have greater play.

The Problems Remain

Entry into space, command of space, will do nothing to change the essential problems of human existence. It will do nothing—to mention a few of the most vexing problems of this critical age—to overcome the catastrophic decay of the education of new generations, which year by year destroys the memory of our civilization. Nor will it reverse the process whereby our great cities, and with them the political and social control of the nation, are given over to the passions of the most primitive, the least elevated, the lowest common denominator of our people. It will do nothing to restore the authority of truth and the spirit, nothing to overcome the present predominance of our priests and priestesses of utility, the manipulators of the masses, who rule under the sign of the full belly and the over-full garage.

Indeed, if we choose to devote our energies to the extension of our power through the exploration and conquest of space, we will undoubtedly aggravate these, our true problems. In the first place, concentration upon the material end of extending our control of the physical universe will deepen the already portentously threatening neglect of the intensive values which were given to men as the end of their existence.

In the second place, on the purely practical level, the vast resources required for the kind of projects necessary to space exploration (figures that run into billions upon billions) are such that only the state (using its power of taxation to take money from the citizen who may not care a fig about what kind of little men live on Venus) can under present conditions direct and control such activity. And it is an axiom, theoretically derivable, and confirmed beyond dispute by twentieth-century experience, that what the state does in any area beyond its proper functions of preserving order and administering justice buttresses evil and undermines the good.

Intellectual Shell Game

But, we are told: the military necessities you admit, and the development of science which you as libertarians would not censor, make it certain that, whether you like it or not, the exploration of space is forced upon us by the inexorable unrolling of reality; to which I can only reply, inelegantly: "Hey, wait a minute."

This is the shell-game of the determinists. Because a certain penetration beyond the atmosphere with satellites, or to the moon for missile bases, is necessitated by military considerations, does not mean that we have to go any further. Nor does "the development of science" force upon us any activity whose ends we do not consciously choose for reasons that derive from the values we espouse.

Like the Marxists and the Freudians, those who exult that the scientific possibilities of space travel determine by their material pressure men's future have forgotten that men were created with the great gift of being able to say Yes or No. Let us hope that we will say No to the temptation of power over universes—at the very least until we have set our own house in some order.

Letter from the Continent

E. v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

Europe's Lost Classes

A lot has been written about the gradual disappearance of the proletariat throughout Europe: the worker, except in Spain and Greece, is becoming a member of the "middle class." This process has set in even in France, where the worker is better paid than in Germany (but far more sold on the proletarian *mystique*) and Italy, where wages are a great deal lower. As early as 1952 Pope Pius XII, in a message to Vienna's *Katholikentag*, declared that, with the exception of a few "retarded areas," a proletariat in the strict sense of the term no longer exists. A nostalgic clinging to the saga of the long-suffering proletarian bears witness to the phenomenal magnetism of the words "proletarian" and "proletariat." Hitler's Nazi Party in the beginning called itself National-Socialist German Workers' Party, and in mass meetings Hitler addressed his audiences as "Workers of the Forehead and the Fist!" Who, after all, wanted to belong to the middle class? And who, in his right mind, boasted of being a member of the bourgeoisie?

Italy's leading paper, the *Corriere della Sera*, is currently publishing a series of articles on the decline of the Italian bourgeois. Indeed, everywhere in Free Europe the bourgeois is a vanishing animal. Of course, the bourgeois probably never existed in Britain and America in the same concrete sense as he did in France, Italy, or Germany. The bourgeois was by no means always identical with the member of the middle class. He was upper-middle class and even upper class. His background and upbringing were essentially urban (hence his name) and he was always distinguished by a solid material background which enabled him to live, regularly or, at least, in an emergency, on a fixed income. More often than not he was a professional man and had a university degree; usually he held a commission as reserve officer. His daughters received substantial dowries and parents had considerable control over the marriages of their children.

History of the Bourgeoisie

The bourgeois of Europe belonged to a class which held great power in the Middle Ages and their aftermath and which was successfully forced to play second fiddle to the nobility only after the Renaissance. With the French Revolution and the upheavals of 1848 the bourgeoisie regained much (if not all) of its lost terrain, and, after the first revolutionary fervor had died down, it vied and competed with the aristocracy. It did this partly by accepting and imitating aristocratic notions, one of them being its acute and often exaggerated concept of honor, another the plotting of the family's course generations ahead. The bourgeois fought duels, he gambled and kept mistresses, he entered political and military careers, and deemed the higher civil service a noble way of life reserved to himself and to the aristocrat. While he cherished work, he saw material independence as a great good since it made leisure possible and also provided a sound basis for independence in words and deeds. Until the outbreak of World War II the French bourgeois thought it tragic if he could not retire at the ripe old age of forty-five.

In a few respects, however, the bourgeois remained different from the nobleman; for instance he saw in the clergy competitors, if not potential enemies. Whereas the nobility, once the main carrier of "free thought," had been chastised by the French Revolution and had made its peace with God and Church, the bourgeois remained a "liberal" in religious matters. Moreover he tended towards nationalism as he rarely had international family ties. He boasted of great virtues and strict ethics, but he lacked the prodigality and liberality of the nobility. He was more often a liberal in thought and speech than in action.

The working class of Europe coveted bourgeois ways. The "anti-bourgeois" propaganda of the Socialist and Communist leaders (in their vast majority themselves bourgeois, either actual or *déclassé*) would have failed if the bourgeois had not owned material and non-material goods, ideas, notions, institutions which incited the jealousy of the proletarian. Above all, he was tantalized by the most important bourgeois characteristic—security. The only difference between the proletarian and the bourgeois ideal of life in Europe was that the proletarian did not look to the future. He neither saved nor planned, and he was thus exposed to the worst blows of fate—unemployment, illness, fast-growing families. He was a wild, desperate and bitter person without earthly possessions except for his clothes and a few gadgets.

Yet here precisely a change has taken place. The former proletarian now has security which in almost all cases he has received from the hands of a reluctant bourgeois society which, in turn, has lost its own security, its own financial basis, through repeated inflations. (The reader must try to imagine incomes reduced to five, one, or even one-tenth per cent of their former value.) The *petit bourgeois* has been proletarianized, if not demoralized. His craving for security today resembles that of the former proletarian: his eyes are turned toward the state. Only the *grand bourgeois* in high finance and industry has been able to save his status. And his number is actually growing. In spite of the general desire for security from the state, there still are adventurers on the Continent making new fortunes which escape the predatory Internal Revenue System of the English-speaking world.

As a net result we see a new social configuration: a very small *haute bourgeoisie*, beneath it an ocean of middle-class people with few gradations, little pride, more and more uniform tastes, and at both ends the disappearance of the "estates"—the nobility, the independent peasantry, the proletariat—whose mystique lingers on. This bodes well for equality, not liberty.

Letter from Westminster

A Reminder

WHITTAKER CHAMBERS

A watchful reader notes that I closed a recent piece in this magazine by saying: "We have visibly reached a point of change, a turning-point, which has not its like in history." He also recalls that I used the same phrase several years ago, in an article (about the 20th Congress of the Soviet Communist Party) in *Life* magazine. "You rang several changes on it then," he writes. "Does this phrase have some mystic meaning for you, not known to the rest of us? Is it an incantation? Or is it just that you can't think of anything else to say?"

I suppose that, in a way, it *is* an incantation, in the sense that it is meant to evoke something—to be a reminder of something though it is never identified—so that readers, coming on it, may feel a little uneasily: That theme again. I have used it deliberately somewhat like that leitmotif which, now and again, stirs under the dense overcast of Wagnerian sounds to remind us that Fate is still at work.

Though we late-comers are scarcely any longer aware of it, one of Christianity's tidings of great joy was that it had banished Fate from the world. No longer was a man's Fate fixed and shaped irreversibly by the stars he happened to be born under, so that his life was predestined to be just so, and not otherwise. The moving finger writ, and all his piety and wit could not cancel out one fated circumstance; so that the noblest posture, for slave (Epictetus) and Emperor (Marcus Aurelius) alike, was a stoic resignation. This was the glad tidings—that Fate was overthrown. The hopeless entrapping ring was broken. Man himself could break it, since every individual soul was divinely precious. Armed with this knowledge, man was free at last, first of all from Fate; then free to make of his destiny what he would and could.

In our century, Fate has returned to the world, and possessed the minds of millions who, submitting to its thrall or acting in its name, seek to extend its dominion. This time, Fate has returned in the guise of History. It may be put (very loosely) like this: History is shaped by the action and interaction of great impersonal forces. Men merely enact it. If they act, prevailingly, in the direction of the main lines of force, its momentum carries them along to success; and we are invited to call such men great, wise, and even good. Those who, out of folly, ignorance or stubborn principle, resist the main lines of force, History exterminates mercilessly. They are in the way; and what does a ragweed, for example, have to do with mercy, when a million pollen grains may be wasted to bring a single seed to fruition? The process is impersonal.

There is grandeur in this concept. It is idle to fancy that we can dismiss it with a snap of the fingers or by snapping shut our minds against it. Nor can we easily frown it down by a stately assurance which, very often, is not truly assured. For we see the main design and workings of the concept enacted on all sides of us, in Nature. Why should Man be the exception? Prove it. Nor is this concept at home only in the Communist East. It exists widely throughout the West, nameless, or under various distracting names, as a floating ambience, breeding a climate.

The Choice

Thus, at a basic point of issue, the mind of the West is divided against itself; and this basic division is repeatedly rubbed raw as it is touched by each of our recurrent crises, at all levels. For this is the basic cleavage. It is this which, behind the teeming crises, the overtoppling threat of great disaster, not only in the form of bombs and missiles, gives to our mood a hovering sense of finality that no amount of rationalizing quite dispels. It is this which sometimes makes us feel as if there were occurring in the general mind of man something like a molecular rearrangement of particles; that man is about to become something other than he is, if he does not perish in the process. Behind all events and all appearances, *this* choice is presented: Fate or Freedom. And it is presented as an issue that must be decided—now. It is this which gives us that sense of living through a time which has not its like in history.

The phrase is not mine. It was spoken in our own lifetime, by a particular, fateful man in the spin of this century's moment of decision. I am assuming that the Russian Revolution was the decisive action of the century's first half, in the sense that, directly or indirectly, it affected everything of importance that came after. I should like to identify the man and the moment as I felt their impact close to the time when both converged. What follows is from an unpublished manuscript:

I was thirteen years old when Sir Edward Grey, then Britain's Foreign Secretary, stared into the dusk of the day in 1914 when England declared war on Germany, and summed up for his age: "The lights are going out all over Europe tonight. They will not be lit again in our time."

I was sixteen when, on an October day in Petrograd—the rain-wind beating in from the Finland Gulf—Antonov-Avseenko, at the head of the Red Guard, rushed the Winter Palace. Therewith, all power in the former empire of the Czars fell to Communism. In the Petrograd Soviet Leon Trotsky rose to report the revolutionary victory. As if (for once) at a loss for language, he stared for a moment through his glasses at the mass of capped, greatcoated, high-booted men who stared back at him. Then he found the words equal to the event: "Comrades of the Soviet of Workers' and Soldiers' Deputies, we have this day begun an experiment that has not its like in history."

This is where the phrase comes from. This is the formal announcement that Fate had returned to the world in the guise of History. This is why I use the fateful phrase, from time to time, to remind others, without expressly laboring it, of a choice that it will surely be granted to each of us to make in this time, first in our mind, then in our acts: Fate or Freedom.

from HERE *to* THERE

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

Who's "Darwinist" Now?

Opponents of the Welfare State, no matter how reasoned their dissents, have recently been exposed to a contemptuous new epithet—"Social Darwinist." Popularized by Professor Richard Hofstadter, the tag has replaced such elegant counters as "economic Bourbon" and "troglodyte" in all hep Liberal circles. Its advantage over its predecessors is obvious: "Social Darwinist" can be spat out with a hiss.

The phrase stems from an ancient controversy of the 1880s, when it was originally plastered on economists and sociologists of an individualist bias by Lester F. Ward, whose *Dynamic Sociology* (1883) bears the distinction—some would say the obloquy—of having brought the subject of sociology to American shores.

Though he is now pretty well forgotten, Ward actually won the intellectual battle for collectivism in the social sciences even before his great sociological rival, William Graham Sumner, had managed to get in his first licks for individualism. What Ward succeeded in doing at the very dawn of American sociology was to introduce the fallacy of the "collective mind." He spoke of "sociocrats" running society, which might be taken to indicate sympathy for the idea of government by a technocratic priestcraft. Ward's "collective mind," however, turns out to be a sociologist's name for Rousseau's "general will." Stripped of all *mystique*, this is, of course, merely our old friend, majority consensus—which, in fields where it should not be applied, can be as destructive of rights as any dictator or king.

To arrive at his conclusions, Ward created a social devil of individualism. The devil's disciples were, of course, Sumner and Herbert Spencer. Opposed to individualism and capitalism (coextensive terms with Ward) were cooperation and collectivism. These polar antitheses, as utilized by Ward, have sounded impressive to four subsequent generations. But when they are subjected to the same sort of paradoxical gamesmanship which Ward employed to confound the economists, they are seen for what they are, a verbal mechanism for begging questions.

One of the roots of the confusion which Ward has fastened on us is the identification of cooperation with collectivism; another is the theory that cooperation is best induced by coercion, which Ward accepts as an indication of man's use of "mind."

Ward's rival Sumner, supposedly the advocate of jungle competition, knew just as well as anybody that society involves a cooperative effort. Indeed, capitalism itself is envisaged by Sumner as a system of cooperation, of the voluntary pooling of efforts through free associations. Where cooperation is undertaken for wholly selfish reasons, Sumner speaks of "antagonistic cooperation." But it is cooperation nonetheless.

Thus the antithesis which sets individualism and cooperation at extremes is a purely verbal phenomenon. Individuals do not cease to be individual when they cooperate. But the individual prefers to do it as a matter of choice. The true opposites are coercion and voluntarism.

Though the point would seem obvious, the Hofstadters of this world never seem to get it. And because they miss the obvious, they fail to see the greater paradox: that in States which employ coercion to force cooperation, the Darwinian "struggle for existence" is waged at its fiercest. "Natural selection," in a coercively collectivist State, is achieved by the rawest, crudest sort of competition. Stalin survives by banishing—and then pole-axing—Trotsky; Khrushchev attains his pinnacle by humiliating Malenkov.

In his sardonic way Sumner advised people who live in a country run by a committee to be on the committee. He had watched the Paris Commune come and go, and he knew the dangers run by the common man in the committee-dominated society. In a little known and posthumously published parody called "The Cooperative Commonwealth," Sumner quoted a fictitious Grand . . . Cooperator, Lassalle Brown, as issuing a warning: "There are dangers in the Cooperative Commonwealth which demand vigilance. There is danger of jealousy and division amongst cooperators. Harmony is essential to the Cooperative Commonwealth and we must have it at any price."

This, the prophecy of "perpetual war for perpetual peace" in the collectivist State, was written in the late seventies or the early eighties, and its foreshadowing of the type of Social Darwinism that one has witnessed in Hungary, in China, in Russia and under the fascisms of Hitler and Mussolini was uncannily accurate. If, under the "democratic socialisms" of Scandinavia, Britain and New Deal America, the struggle for existence has been less ferocious, that is because the principle of compulsion in these states still has some distance to go.

The "dynamic sociology" of Lester Ward purported to study what men do. But Ward quickly jumped his scientist's traces when he conceived sociology as the "application" of principles of social control by coercive methods, and all in the name of "cooperation." His theory of sociology, unlike Sumner's and Spencer's, became a theory of government far more than a description of society.

Ward was, in short, a victim of a common confusion: that "society" and the "State" are interchangeable terms. The confusion is as old as the Greek *polis*. Up to the 1880s, when Ward began his career as a sociologist, the history of freedom in America (as well as in Britain) had been one of increasing strictness of division between the things that belonged to Caesar (the State) and the things that belonged to God (the free choice of the individual in the hands of his Maker). After Ward (and despite Sumner) this strictness of division was lost.

We shall never go from the "here" of coerced choices in occupational, economic and sumptuary matters to the "there" of voluntary association and cooperation until the strictness of division has been regained.

From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

The Homemaking Boondoggle

In the immortal line of Edgar A. Guest, "It takes a heap o' livin' to make a house a home." The educationists, nevertheless, have a short-cut for us: give a year's course in Homemaking in school, and it's an idyll forever after. Formerly this discipline was called "home economics" —and, in the bad old days, merely "cooking and sewing"; now, however, the educationists aspire not merely to such technical skills, but also to "total homemaking": instruction in "courtship and marriage," "family living," "personal relationships," etc., etc.

Alas, there are skills and accomplishments not teachable in school. Homemaking, according to certain teachers thereof with whom I have conversed, rarely takes. At the beginning of the school year, one able teacher tells me, she asks her students what they would like to cook. "Hamburgers and French fries," they invariably reply. At the end of the year she makes the same inquiry; and the reply never varies: "Hamburgers and French fries, Miss Jones." All her elaborate recipes have gone for naught.

Don't get me wrong, pal: I'm as much a gourmet as the next man. I'm on the side of the elaborate recipes. But domestic cookery, like politics, is the art of the possible. Improvement thereof, like charity, must begin at home. The women's magazines have done infinitely more to improve the domestic cookery of the Americans than have all the universities' schools of home economics, and all the school courses in homemaking, put together. There being a limited amount of money and energy available for our public schools—this despite the demands of the educationist hierarchs, who seem to think that money is merely paper printed in Washington—we have to put first things first. And homemaking ought to be near the bottom of the list. For although the home can do a great deal in the way of genuine educating, the school can do very little that is effectual in the way of genuine homemaking.

As with "industrial arts," the time-factor rules out the possibility of much accomplishment in this discipline in the schools. Of the three hours a week or so that can be allotted to homemaking, the greater part must be spent in getting out the dishes and pans, or adjusting the sewing machines; stopping the girls from giggling and whispering in this process; and cleaning up the mess at the end of the hour. This leaves about fifty minutes a week actually spent in instruction. There necessarily being several girls to every stove or sewing-machine, the amount of time each girl has in real practice comes down to ten minutes or so, on the average.

Perhaps some realization of the futility of this technical instruction—which can be effectual only in the home itself—has led the educationists to expand the scope of this discipline. All the lares and penates now are under the sway of the homemaking teacher. In many schools, she is expected to be a substitute-mother to her whole flock: to pontificate on sexual relationships, organize style-shows, preside over immense teas, provide answers to all the questions which an erring humanity has raised throughout the ages. Need I add that the poor teacher herself usually has received little enough instruction in metaphysics and ethics, and that—what with her youth, on the average —her own experience of "family living" and "personal relationships" has been limited? Thus she, like her better students, begins to think of the whole business as a racket, for which she is comparatively well paid.

Yes, comparatively well paid—out of the federal treasury. For a great while the federal government, under the Smith-Hughes Act, has been subsidizing the salaries of teachers of home economics—so long as the local school offers the subject and matches the grant. Thus the homemaking teacher's salary ordinarily is larger than the average teacher's—in some schools, higher than anyone's but the principal's and the coach's—both because of the subsidy and because graduates of schools of home economics with teaching diplomas are in comparatively short supply. Why domestic arts should be the immediate concern of Washington, while physics or classics or history are not, I never have been able to discover.

The triumph of the hierarchs of homemaking is so nearly complete that one might think they would rest upon their laurels. They are established in nearly every high school in the country; they have large-scale federal aid; they constitute a major item in the school budget, what with the cost of stoves, sewing-machines, food, and the like; they have a closed-shop arrangement by which only the graduates of home-economics schools can teach; and they send out decrees from on high to nearly every family in the land: how to choose a mate, how to serve a meal. What more could they ask? Well—men.

For, to the sorrow of the educationists, until recent years only girls enrolled in the homemaking courses: and that is only half of the nation. But a new day is dawning. In at least a hundred high-schools in this country, boys are already enrolled in homemaking courses. After all, this is the age of the working wife, we are told, and men must expect to do their own half of the homemaking: and what better preparation could there be than this? Everything is going to be integrated in the Brave New World. The high school already boasts of its Integrated Curriculum, in which English and social studies are a single subject. Now comes the final integration: the blending of the sexes, so that you can't tell boy from girl. And is there anyone left who feels some distaste for mannish women, or womanish men? Why, that reactionary needs to be re-educated. Just the thing for him is a compulsory course in Home and Family Living.

Wolcott Gibbs: A Tribute

JOHN ABBOT CLARK

For nearly a quarter of a century. Wolcott Gibbs was the most hated dramatic critic in America. Week after week in the *New Yorker,* for years on end, he told the plain and frequently embarrassing truth about the American stage. There must be at least a dozen dramatic critics in this country blessed with keen minds and capable of displaying admirable taste and sound judgment; but for all their astuteness, they cannot be counted upon to give us consistently what, until his recent death, Wolcott Gibbs gave us, unfailingly and without quibble or shuffle, for so many years: the truth. He was about the only critic of recent times who had the courage and integrity to call a ghastly play ghastly and a dirty play (or musical) dirty, in as many words.

The *New Yorker,* in its moving obituary notice of one of the last of the remaining greats from its great days, observed that "two important things happened to him about twenty years ago: he fell under the spell of the theatre . . . and he fell desperately in love with Fire Island, where the sun and the wind and the untidy civilization of that relaxed and accessible sandbar supplied him with ingredients missing in Manhattan." Falling under the spell of something is not necessarily the same thing as falling in love with it, but in Gibbs' case the two came pretty close to being one. And he probably could not have loved the theater so much had he not loved Fire Island more.

When Max Beerbohm reluctantly took over from G.B.S. as dramatic critic of the *Saturday Review* back in 1898, he frankly confessed that he had no "instinctive love for the theater," and then concluded his inaugural piece with these words: "The Editor of this paper has come to me as Romeo came to the apothecary, and what he wants I give him for the apothecary's reason. I daresay that there are many callings more uncomfortable and dispiriting than that of dramatic critic. To be a porter on the Underground Railway must, I have often thought, be very terrible. Whenever I feel myself sinking under the stress of my labors, I shall say to myself, 'I am not a porter on the Underground Railway.' "

Wolcott Gibbs, on the other hand, after quite unreluctantly succeeding Robert Benchley as the *New Yorker's* dramatic critic back in 1936, very seldom, we suspect—despite all of his instinctive love for the theater—came away from a play without muttering prayerfully, "Oh, God! If only I could be back, just for a day (or an opening night), braking on the Long Island Railroad."

If there was very little love lost between Gibbs and the American theater of the last few decades, the fault was most assuredly not his. He was the last of a line of dramatic critics who took writing and the profession of authorship seriously. Like Beerbohm, and Frank Moore Colby in this country, Gibbs had an unerring nose for the genuine and the excellent. Like them, he applied, unswervingly and unflinchingly, the same high standards of taste and judgment to drama that he applied to other forms of literature. Those who have called him cruel, cynical, "chi-chi," malicious, etc., etc., as so many have, usually turn out to be persons far more concerned with their own theatrical hides than with the drama's well-being and good name.

And then, of course, there are the hard-bitten old pros of the playwriting fraternity who, jingling their pieces of silver, like to break away from the Hollywood assembly line long enough now and then to retread an old, roadweary, badly chewed-up idealism, or refeather a mangy, washed-out bluebird that's been through hell and high Marxism, for the edification of the New York stage and as a lift to their sagging artistic consciences. They, as one might expect, disliked Gibbs heartily. They saw him as a sort of puritanic throwback to those dark ages in which people thought of sex as only a part of life, not the whole of it; in which violence had not yet come to be viewed as its own excuse for being; in which practitioners of literature were expected to take full advantage of the resources of language, and run the whole twenty-six-tone scale of the alphabet; and in which human life was supposed to have some central and defining relation to matters above and beyond the ken of the other animals.

FOR THE benefit of those who never followed his writings on the theater, here are a few samples of the critical severity and forthrightness which gained for him such a bad name in those quarters where criticism has always had a bad name when it becomes clearly distinguishable from sheer gush and goose-grease:

On Elmer Rice's *A New Life*: ". . . probably a sound and timely idea, but the author's treatment of it, I'm afraid, is tricky, immature, and, in spite of a gruesome dose of obstetrics, as dull as tapioca."

On Rose Franken's *Outrageous Fortune*: "There is something awful the matter with all of the characters. . . . As a drama of ideas, it belongs in the kindergarten."

On a revival of Sherwood's *The Petrified Forest*: ". . . seemed this time like a preparatory-school rather than a college debate. . . . The passage of time, of course, had something to do with it, since nothing withers faster on the vine than fancy liberal thought."

On Maxwell Anderson's *Storm Operation*: "Unfortunately, it is quite a bad play, not as bad perhaps as Moss Hart's *Winged Victory* with its cinema heroics, or the author's own *Eve of St. Mark* with its boozy metaphysics, but bad enough."

On Saroyan's *The Beautiful People*: "When the curtain goes up . . . it discloses a set that might have been executed by Salvador Dali, needing, in fact, only a rubbery watch and a couple of lamb chops. . . . It is relentlessly playful, rather pretty, and after a while I got awfully sick of looking at it. As far as I am concerned, this comment also applies to the play."

The spell which the theater once held for Gibbs was so badly shattered on one occasion (others probably went unreported) that he went to the Zale-Abrams fight, when he "should have been down . . . observing the opening of a drama in seventeen scenes." There was no excuse for this, he said, "except that it seemed apt to be better entertainment. . . . On my way home, a friend of mine . . . pointed out several well-known Broadway characters—pale, impassive desperadoes, any one of whom would be delighted to rub out your grandmother just for the hell of it. Altogether, it was quite an evening and a nice change from the Theatre Guild."

Such comments as those just quoted are not, of course, the kind which theater people, professional or amateur, find "constructive" or exactly endearing. But in fairness to Gibbs, and for whatever solace it may afford many contemporary playwrights who failed dismally in their efforts to place Gibbs under their spell, it should be noted that he was never a double-standard critic, applying one set of criteria to the living and another to the dead. He could be just as devastating on the subject of Restoration comedy as on Noel Coward; as impervious to much that he found in *Romeo and Juliet* as he was to practically everything that he found in *The Time of Your Life*.

And in further fairness to Gibbs, it should be pointed out that no critic of our time could pay a finer tribute to a fine play than he. But the duty of criticism, as Johnson said, "is neither to depreciate, nor dignify by partial representations, but to hold out the light of reason, whatever it may discover; and to promulgate the determinations of truth, whatever she shall dictate." Gibbs was of Johnson's school. That Gibbs was often harsh there is no denying; and just as certainly, he was occasionally wrong; but his harshness was usually forced upon him, and his wrongheadedness was invariably honorable, civilized, and completely honest. You may be sure that he would have welcomed more opportunities to praise and salute.

When Ring Lardner died twenty-five years ago, just before the opening of the World Series, I remember thinking what a pity, in a way, that he couldn't have lived to report just one more of them, anyway. Now that I am much older, and feel that I understand Lardner a little better than I did then, I am not at all sure he wouldn't have winced at such maudlin musings.

When I read of Wolcott Gibbs' death, I refrained from compounding sentimentality with sadness by indulging in regret that he had to die just before the opening of the upcoming Broadway season. I have no doubt that his colleagues on the *New Yorker* were right when they confided that "we who knew and loved him felt particularly grateful that he managed to be there [at Fire Island] when he died, where he most liked to be, right in the middle of his season in the sun."

Now that his respects to a baker's score of Broadway seasons have been paid in full, and he will never again, as Heywood Broun once soliloquized, "watch the rain sweep down the street of hits," may he find the spell of eternity more closely akin to that of Fire Island than to that of the theater, which in his time, anyway, all too often proved unworthy of the love he was prepared to give it.

A Hard Look at Foreign Aid

MURRAY N. ROTHBARD

Foreign aid has been sold to the American people on a variety of counts—it is Christian and idealistic (rich America fulfilling its moral duty by helping poorer nations); it is practical (it exports American surpluses, spreads around the blessings of trade, and earns us the friendship of foreign nations); it is indispensably anti-Communist (it wins us allies for the Cold War). At first, the major theme was rebuilding war-torn Europe, and we were promised on bended knee that foreign aid would positively end in 1952. But as the years wore on, new emergencies succeeded old, until the opposition to foreign aid has grown mute, and our Advanced Thinkers are now buoyantly proclaiming the need for making billions yearly in foreign aid part of our permanent American Way of Life: we must wage a permanent "economic war" with Russia—*i.e.*, a frantic ladling out of a hundred-fold the aid that Russia could dispense—else everyone will go Communist.

Actually, the fabric of the argument for foreign aid is a tissue of delusion. What really happens is this: money is confiscated from the American taxpayer by the federal bureaucracy, gleefully headed by a horde of certified experts in sociology, political science, economics, "area studies," etc. The money—after suitable deductions for the time and energy of the bureaucracy and its experts—is then shipped to a foreign government, which must spend it on the goods of various deserving American export firms. The goods are then either *sold* by the foreign government to its own firms, or are used in various governmental "development" schemes.

Who benefits? Not the *citizens* of the foreign countries, who, indeed find their economies distorted and increasingly socialized by the new government spending; not the American people, who gain not friends but resentful, blackmailing almoners; but three groups: foreign governments and their bureaucracies; the American government and its bureaucracy; and the subsidized American export companies. They all gain at the expense of the U. S. taxpayer, and, ultimately, of people abroad.

This true face of foreign aid has

been neglected by our scholars. A new symposium edited by James W. Wiggins and Helmut Schoeck, *Foreign Aid Reexamined* (Public Affairs Press, $5.00), is one of the first books on the subject that really gets down to brass tacks, and doesn't simply envelop us in a cloud of "behavioral science" jargon, courtesy of the Ford Foundation. It is an indispensable handbook on foreign aid and on the whole mythology of "underdeveloped countries." The authors of the component essays make a powerful case for the thesis that what is needed in the backward countries is not more government planning, but more room for domestic and foreign private enterprise to do its job.

A symposium so rich in insights can hardly be summarized, but particularly recommended are the papers by Elgin Groseclose, who shows that foreign aid is more Marxian socialism than Christian charity or aid to development; Helmut Schoeck, who points up the power-drive, and the appeal to envy, of leftist intellectuals; J. Fred Rippy, who attacks the economic interests that push for foreign aid; P. T. Bauer, who refutes the theory of compulsory development through government; Gottfried Haberler, who defends development by private enterprise; Willard S. Stokes, who shows how the ideas of Latin-American intellectuals have hampered enterprise; and Justus M. Van der Kroef, who takes us to Indonesia, to show how Javanese statism and communalism are hindering the private economic development of the outer islands.

Pure But Not Simple

ROBERT PHELPS

About the middle of the nineteenth century, writers began to balk at the idea of a story being something remembered, reconstructed, and recited by an audible voice. Instead, they wanted it to be as impersonal, omniscient, and—so to speak—*untold* as possible. The result was a century of very lively experiment, and most of the possibilities seem to have been thoroughly explored. So the best thing left to do seems to be simply to want to tell a particular story very much, and to do so. All the theory in the world about what a narrative must be, and should do, cannot explain what is alive on a printed page, nor justify what is dead.

Whatever I have seen on Isak Dinesen's pages has always been alive, and as I prowled through this new quintet of her tales (*Anecdotes of Destiny*, Random House, $3.75), I decided that one of the reasons she remains popular with so many kinds of readers is the fact that she is unashamed to be telling a tale. She can say "Once upon a time" without coyness or condescension. These *are* stories, she seems to say in every line; they are make-believe, dreams, "tales to delight the world and make it wiser," and though she can use a realistic detail—though her characters can sip a Veuve Cliquot 1860—she is as unconstrained by twentieth-century Developments in Narrative Technique as the Unicorn Tapestry.

I don't think this is because Miss Dinesen is an artistic anachronism, a lady minstrel who somehow survived the Middle Ages. It is only that she knows that a tale is never so "real" as when it admits it is a tale; and at the same time, she has a rare, original and resourceful sense of theater. She loves the lordly manner, the brocaded texture, the stylized stance, the poet's *parti pris*.

This does not mean that she is being frivolous, or even ironic, or in any way unserious. She writes about the most solemn mysteries and perennial patterns: innocence and awareness, good and evil, art and reality, heroes and poets, grace and salvation—matters which the majority of our current tale-tellers numbly eschew. And it may be, too, that it is precisely because she is so concerned to treat these difficult subjects that she uses the purest, oldest conventions of storytelling to do so. It is her matter, her truth, that she wishes to purvey, not her method.

Anyway, in these *Anecdotes of Destiny*, she is as bewitching as ever. She tells us what happened when a man perversely tried to make an apocryphal story enact itself in real life; she tells us about an actress who saved a ship during a tempest because she *became* Ariel and knew nothing could harm her; she tells us a story about the mutually needful relationship between an artist and his public, even when the artist is a chef and his public a half a dozen exquisite palates; and a story about the creatures "most carefully and accurately made in the image of the Lord"—who are not human beings. In each story, at one or more points, we feel that sense of opening which means poetic vision is at work. We hear music and see the statue move.

Random Notes

With the publication of Robert Phelps' *Heroes and Orators* (reviewed by John Chamberlain in the last issue), we are reminded that during the coming year a number of books by our editors and other contributors to NATIONAL REVIEW will be coming from the presses: James Burnham, a book on Congress; John Chamberlain, on capitalism; Frank S. Meyer, on the Communist Party; William Henry Chamberlin, on his evolution to conservatism; Max Eastman, on leading figures of the twentieth century he has known; Hugh Kenner, on T. S. Eliot; John A. Lukacs, an edition of de Tocqueville's writings; E. Merrill Root, on distortions in high-school texts.

Of twelve films picked by an international poll of film historians as the best of all time, nine were produced before 1930, and only one, *The Bicycle Thief*, is postwar.

Optimism Behind the Iron Curtain. The Polish Journal, *Prezeglad Kulturalny*, reviewing C. Wright Mills' *The Power Élite*, detects a "thaw" in the United States: "The fact itself of the publication of Mills' book . . . is a significant event. During the past decade no book of this character could have appeared in print."

Not Even Scientific Illusions

REVILO OLIVER

It is a general rule of modern politics that the vociferousness of "Liberals" is directly proportional to their ignorance of the subject under discussion. Naturally, therefore, the prophets who frantically urge us to abase ourselves before the masses of Asia think it unnecessary to inform themselves concerning the culture of the Orient and contemptuously disregard the great religions that have formed the Oriental mind.

To one of these religions Maurice Percheron's *Buddha and Buddhism* (translated by Edmund Stapleton, Harper, $1.35) is a concise and, on the whole, reliable introduction. I believe, however, that the available evidence, both historical and textual, warrants a clearer statement of the origins of Buddhism, which was not at first a religion at all.

In the sixth century B.C. the Vedic polytheism, which was strictly analogous to that of Homer, disintegrated under the skeptical and rationalistic criticism of the *hetuvádins*, who were the Indian counterparts of the Greek Sophists. The collapse of the old faith left the contemporary mind drawn between two diametrically opposed forces: materialism and mysticism. At the time it appeared that the first was by far the stronger force.

The Lokáyata philosophy, which was in all essentials identical with the strict materialism of our own day, was openly championed or tacitly espoused by practical men, and few could have then foreseen the great Brahmanic synthesis that was to dominate and transform the Hindu mind in future centuries. It was in this age that the son of a petty Aryan princeling produced the Indian analogue of Graeco-Roman Stoicism on the basis of an epistemology comparable to that of Immanuel Kant.

Gautama turned the rationalistic criticism upon materialism. If matter is reality, it is unknowable, for we perceive only phenomena, and cause is inseparable from effect. The phenomenal world is a perpetual flux in which things and events seem discrete and identifiable only through an illusion produced in the mind of the spectator. But man is himself an illusion: he is not an independent and stable entity, but merely a flux of constantly changing sensations. But all sensations from birth to death are pain concealed only by an irrational craving for future sensations in the fantastic hope that they will differ generically from those of the present. The world, therefore, is a labyrinthine Hell in whose blind mazes of anguish humanity is trapped by its own blind will-to-live.

Since man is merely a sequence of sensations, there is, of course, no soul or identity that could be reincarnated, but Gautama assumed, although he did not clearly explain, that the will-to-live is a force which, as in Schopenhauer's philosophy, may undergo a certain palingenesis and thus engender new life. Thus suicide, which is an effort to attain a pleasure (surcease from pain), is paradoxically a manifestation of the will-to-live and therefore self-defeating. The only escape from mankind's unending torment is the wisdom of the sage who, recognizing himself as merely an illusion produced by pain, rejects the hallucinations of property, ambition, love and faith, thus blowing out in his own mind the lamp of desire and attaining the perfect calm *(nirvána)* of absolute indifference. In practical terms, he will become an itinerant mendicant, owning nothing, caring for nothing, neither seeking nor avoiding death, and, above all, maintaining chastity lest he beget another victim of illusion and pain.

Gautama's disciples, eager to spread the glad tidings of annihilation, emphasized in their exoteric preaching the moral implications of the doctrine: even men who could not yet forsake goods and kindred could recognize that where there is no self there should be no selfishness, but only compassion for all victims of illusion—a uniform kindness toward all living creatures without distinction of caste, race, or species. (Only a man blinded by prejudice would claim for himself rights that he would deny to a bedbug or a pismire.) Thus the grim philosophy of Gautama became the theoretical foundation for a practical ethics *(dharma)* which in the third century B.C. won the allegiance of the Emperor Asoka, who made it a state doctrine and lavishly subsidized it. But the ethical philosophy was already being converted into a religion by a revival of the will-to-believe.

Gautama, who had denied personality even to living men, was venerated as the Enlightened *(Buddha)*, the Lord *(Bhagavat)*, the Savior *(Bodhisatva)*. He was supplied with a virgin mother, a divine father, a devil *(Mára)* who had tempted him, innumerable miracles, detailed biographies of hundreds of his earlier incarnations, and an account of the motives which led him to descend from heaven to save the world. The religion thus created proliferated into a hundred sects, each with its own theology and demonology, yet retaining in its sacred books some traces, at least, of the bleak negations of its misunderstood founder. But with the religious revival in India, none of these sects could compete with the perfected theodicy of Brahmanism. Thus Buddhism, driven from the land of its birth, survives only in the lands to which it was carried by its zealous and indefatigable missionaries: Ceylon, Burma, Siam, Cambodia, Tibet, China, Japan. In the latter country alone there are some sixty sects, many of them indigenous.

M. Percheron concludes his survey with the observation that the ideas which Western men regarded as "moral, religious, and social truths" now "appear to have had their day," for "modern science . . . each day brings us nearer to the truths divined and proclaimed by the Buddha." He notes the increasing reliance on relativism and indeterminacy in atomic physics, but he is particularly im-

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pressed by the psychologies which deny human personality and recognize only "an essentially labile psyche, a fluid personality governed by temporary conjunctions escaping all control." But if that is what we really are, it would surely be better to pass over the religious accretions of Buddhism and return to the pure pessimism of Gautama. He entertained no illusions about a "new universal humanism," for he knew that the only good that can come to a "labile psyche" is that of not being born.

Men and Manners

Recalling John Held

FRANCIS RUSSELL

When the twenties began I was ten years old, just a few years too late to be really part of that flaming era. But during Calvin Coolidge's first term, as I sat up in my room evenings grubbing through my twenty-four lines of the Third Oration Against Cataline or puzzling over the problems set in Hawkes, Libby and Touton's *Revised Algebra,* I could hear Jack White cranking his flivver in the drive below. Jack was a sheik. He had a banjo ukelele on which he could strum *If You Knew Susie,* and he would change the line "Back to Yonkers, she's the one that hadda walk" to "Back to Roslindale" or "Mattapan" or wherever his sheba of the moment lived.

Collegiate was the song of the day. "Yes we are c'llegiate." Jack preferred the term colleege. Though he had left Dorchester High School after his first year, he was just that—colleege. How I at my desk with my Cicero trot and my Algebra used to envy him on such nights, chugging away in the flivver with the oval rear window to places of mystery and delight like the Roseland Ballroom where beautiful shebas waited for their sheiks and the saxophones wailed *Where's My Sweetie Hiding?*

Nature, said Oscar Wilde, imitates art. It doesn't really, but it tries. We fourteen-year-olds in the Fourth Class of the Roxbury Latin School could not be colleege like Jack White but in our more retarded natures we imitated aft as best we could. The art was that of John Held Jr.'s weekly cartoon in the old *Life* magazine. Old Man Farnham, the Sixth Class master, used to bring in *Life* every week and keep it in the drawer of the side cabinet. During the lunch hour we could go upstairs and look at it while we ate our sandwiches. John Held was our dream of the future: those debonair round-headed males with flaring trousers and hair parted sleekly in the middle, those flappers with stockings rolled just below the skirt level of their provocative knees, with their windblown shingles and short sack dresses. In Held's cartoons the sheiks and shebas, whether they were dancing, drinking or petting, always seemed so full of bounce, so alive and so modern, like the sob out of a saxophone.

Those cartoons were our models. We doused our hair with Slikum and parted it in the middle. Slikum was a mystery fluid the color of Benedictine. If applied when the hair was wet it gave the effect of spar varnish. A tornado could not have ruffled a hair. When we could we changed our gold-rimmed glasses for mock tortoise shell. We wore plus-four knickers and patterned golf socks and elastic bow ties called William Tells (pull back the bow and hit the apple). Bell-bottom flannels were not yet for us, though there were some in the upper school.

From Grim Youth *by John Held Jr., copyright 1930 by Vanguard Press, Inc. Reproduced by permission of the publisher.*

No one at Roxbury Latin, however, had that *ne plus ultra* of a Heldian hero, a raccoon coat. Mills, our cheer-leader, was the closest Roxbury approximation to the John Held type. In winter he left his overshoes unbuckled and never wore garters. Between the halves of the Brown and Nichols game he shocked Dr. Thompson, the headmaster, by playing *Saxophobia* on his saxophone. He had a sheba in Jamaica Plain. For most of us, for me certainly, shebas were as yet far over the horizon.

From present-day musical comedies and television skits on the twenties one would gather that the striped blazer, like those worn in club colors in England, was then the dominant form of jacket. Possibly it was in the nineties, but in the twenties such striping was unknown. Because of a certain confusion in the minds of costumers and scenarists about such things I should here like to set down what I wore to my first dance.

It was in the summer of 1926 at the Manomet Grange Hall near Plymouth, Massachusetts. Because of a shortage of boys at our little beach resort the girls there taught me to dance on condition that I take two of them to the Grange Hall on Saturday night. Glad enough I was—it was my first encounter with girls.

Penelope and Isabelle were my two, the fair and the dark. I walked from the beach with them on that lingering summer evening, scared stiff at the prospect of appearing on a live dance floor and yet at the same time delighted. My slikummed hair was parted in the geometric middle and I had a new pair of tortoise shells that had a tendency to slip down my nose. My necktie was yellow with purple stripes, nothing so bright as those hand-painted things of a few years back, but bright enough. I had a blue serge jacket. My plus-

fours were of white linen checked with black lines. I was particularly proud of the plus-fours, wheedled from a reluctant father by a more indulgent mother. Below them I displayed a pair of purple and white argyle socks. My shoes were piebald with black toes. In my cake-eater shoes and purple diamond socks and dishcloth knickers I felt very sharp, or in the language of the day I thought I looked "the snake's hips."

Penelope and Isabelle had shingled hair, and Isabelle had disconcerting blue eyes. I've forgotten what they wore. Gradually overcoming my petrifying fear, I edged out into a corner of the dance floor, first with Penelope then with Isabelle. The orchestra consisted of a piano, a violin, a saxophone and a snare drum with a hole in it. *Bye Bye Blackbird* and *The Girl Friend* were the hits of the summer. They played them both intermittently. Also they played *I'm Gonna Charleston Back to Charleston*. Some of the older couples could Charleston but all I could do was to stand with my two girls and watch the flashing knees. Still, perhaps next winter. . . .

Isabelle took my arm in the darkness going home and said she particularly liked my socks. I felt then I was on my way to becoming a John Held hero, a real sheik.

Theater

A Turn of the Wheel

GARRY WILLS

A *Touch of the Poet* is the first play in a lengthy cycle which Eugene O'Neill planned—about an Irish family whose succeeding generations would mirror American history. This family cycle, like the *Mourning Becomes Electra* trilogy, shows O'Neill's conception of the tragic. His plays have no heroes in the classical sense; we are all imprisoned in our family, in our race, in time and history. Following certain laws, molded by whatever things surround us, we can only escape from one prison to another—from Ireland to America, from the slums to the suburbs.

This play is about Con Melody's family. Melody (Eric Portman) was a hero under Wellington, but a Spanish love affair sent him in disgrace back to Ireland. Soon he is forced to marry the beautiful peasant girl he has been sleeping with. When he arrives in America, he is forced to open an inn. But he still struts in his uniform, rides a proud mare, and makes his wife and daughter work in the sun so that he may live as a gentleman.

The play opens in the public dining room of Melody's establishment. To the left is the bar, where the shanty Irish shout and drink; the stairs at the right lead to a room where the wealthy young dreamer interested in Melody's daughter is convalescing. Sara, the daughter (Kim Stanley), inheritor of her father's pride, is determined to leave the shanty Irish in the bar and climb into her young poet's world of ladies and lace curtains. Like Con, she resents status in those above her, but impresses it on those below. She keeps building the prison from which she would escape.

The dining room, in which the whole play takes place, is a waystation—like the play itself—on a longer journey into night. Characters wander in and out of it on their way elsewhere. First comes Sara—practical, managing affairs, ambitious, but puzzled by the impractical emotions she can not banish. Then, in a burst of warmth, her mother (Helen Hayes) enters, fussy, afraid of her adored Con, a rootless woman carried away from home and religion by her love of an ungrateful "hero." Last, stiff and military, the gentleman and hero comes in, frozen by "status" into a statue, tottering a bit as he moves toward the whiskey, impervious alike to his wife's affection and his proud daughter's insults. Eric Portman's clipped, artificial phrases and gestures call up the man—or at least his type.

This is the family that comes in conflict with the wealthy "Yankees" who want to keep their young poet unsoiled by the lower classes. His mother (Betty Field) enters and is assaulted by Con, fussed over by his wife Nora, and challenged by his daughter Sara. With sudden insight, the "Yankee" mother tells Sara what happens to the wife of a frustrated dreamer like her son, obviously describing her own life (and that of Sara's mother; the law is too universal, like the iron dooms in *Electra*). The poet's father tries to buy off the Melodys, and Con roars out to duel him; Nora collapses with fear for her hero; and the frightened Sara hurries upstairs to sleep with the Yankee—putting herself in exactly the same position as her mother.

Policemen finally beat sense into Con's head. He comes home, shoots his mare, kisses his wife, and exits toward the bar, shouting in his refound brogue. He had been a broken man, with only his pride left him. Now that breaks, and he is free to drink himself to death without remorse. Sara, who mocked his uniform, now realizes how dear it was to her—the source of her dreams and ambitions.

THE STORY is scattered; we can have no sense of a doom that will be unfolded in the next play. O'Neill will never write the next play. Yet if he had, it would be this play merely repeated in a different place, and it too would be inconclusive, never centered in a hero, never concluding. Had he finished all the projected eleven plays of the series, he still would not have ended the cycle. His endless "cycle" is the wheel of Fate, which the Greeks—stressing the free act and its finality—broke when they created drama and the West. O'Neill's drama, appearing in the time of the West's collapse, is Oriental, undramatic and inhuman.

This leaves nothing to interest us but the illogical love and tenderness that emerge in these endless cycles—the love of Nora, the kiss Con gives her when his pride is gone, the feeling for her poet which disturbs Sara's ambitions. But only the magic of Helen Hayes keeps that kind of interest alive in this production. The barren circling of the play's uncentered action needs more than her touch of poetry can bring to it.

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To the Editor

Conservative Voter Tactics

As one of the devoted little band of rigid, simon-pure and unrealistic right-wingers, I would like to protest against the editorial of October 25. If California conservatives need Democrats to remind them of their proper course, then so be it—God sometimes works through mysterious instruments. We have had two decades now of "realism"—from Landon through Eisenhower and Rockefeller—and the result has been the destruction of Old Guard Republicanism and a virtual one-party system in the United States. The task of the conservatives is to forge a party *for themselves*—not for "modernists" and trimmers—and they can only do this by punishing—again and again and again—the Republican Party, until either a) the Republican Party will finally wither away and conservatives will form a new party of their own; or b) the Republicans will realize that only by nominating consistent conservatives will they have a chance of winning. In short, in all but a few cases, vote *against* the Republicans—preferably on a third-party ballot, but in any case vote against them. . . .

New York City MURRAY N. ROTHBARD

Benson and the Free Farm

John Chamberlain's "Open Letter to Ezra Taft Benson" [October 11] was a fine commentary on the injustices being done to the farmer in the name of the controlled economy, but, in all fairness to Mr. Benson, it should have given the good Mormon's personal and official views on the subject.

The Secretary has consistently pressed for changes in the farm law to free "feed wheat" from controls under the marketing quota act. Moreover, he has asked that penalties assessed under the law be returned to the farmers. This Congress has refused to do.

Mr. Benson's sympathies are with Yankus, Haley, Shinaberry and others, but he has no choice but to enforce the law.

And, as someone once said, the best way to get rid of a bad law is enforce it.

HARLEY B. GRIMSLEY
Farm Editor
Jackson Citizen Patriot
Jackson, Mich.

Mr. Chamberlain, who opened his column with a tribute to the "long and pertinacious fight" which Ezra Taft Benson has "waged to reduce the dependence of the American farmer on federal handouts," has no argument with Mr. Grimsley. He points out, however, that Mr. Benson can fulfill the duties of his office without prosecuting farmers who exceed the quota limitation to feed their own animals if he refrains from appealing Judge Whitfield Davidson's decision in the Evatts Haley Jr. case. ED.

The Army Arsenal System

The editorial paragraph on the Army Arsenal System in the October 11 issue is unkind, unfactual and unjust. Unkind because the Army is not in a position to defend itself against such an attack. Unfactual because the facts and figures as developed by the system over the past century and a half do not support your castigations. Unjust because the author uses the same erroneous process of reasoning about which you rightly complain a few paragraphs later in your references to Madame Roosevelt anent the right-to-work laws.

The Air Force, since its needs for aircraft are met by a private peacetime industry, does not have arsenals as such. But there is no private industry in normal times for weapons *per se*—guns and their ammunition, rockets, tanks, missiles and the myriad items in the weapons category.

The arsenal system is under attack by some on the ground that it is opposed to private enterprise in the design and production of American armament. On the contrary, the arsenals exist for the sole purpose of assisting industry and of working with it at all levels and at all times. They are a guarantee that the art of armament design and production will be kept alive in normal times when

the taxpayers are unwilling to support the confiscatory tax burdens of the present, and when private industry sees little incentive to devote enough of its skills and capacities to the task. Our arsenals as at present considered are a *permanent* repository of weapons design and production techniques; under our free enterprise system there is no other assurance of continuity in this vital field. Arsenals are not in competition with private enterprise, but rather co-partners with it in a very specialized phase of our national defense. . . .

LEO A. CODD
Washington, D.C. Editor, *Ordnance*

Father Halton's Role

Even to those who agree with him, Mr. Buckley's insistently repetitious defenses of Father Halton [October 11] must by now have become rather tiresome. To those of us who disagree, these labored apologies seem not only tedious but inappropriate. . . .

Stripped of the verbiage and exaggerated ideological implications, the case of Father Halton is merely that of a well-meaning man who lost his sense of proportion and with it the forbearance of an institution which had patiently given him shelter despite his continuing attacks. The situation is not an earth-shaking one but simply an example of an all too common occurrence: the guest who allows his zeal for mending his host's allegedly bad manners to make his own all the more apparent, and to wear out his own welcome.

Mill Valley, Cal. ROBERT D. BULLOCK

In your timely and pointed article on Father Halton under the "Ivory Tower," you raise the question why the Liberal community harbors and maintains such cruel and deep-seated resentment against its antagonists such as Halton, when such a spirit is so foreign to the character of the real American community.

Besides your apt answer, that we turn deepest enmity on those who finger hidden weaknesses, there is another: here in the Liberal community we have a social and political system based on malice and tyranny, whereas the basic American culture is based on love and liberty. . . .

Odd as it may seem, this bitterness, this unmerciful resentment has been particularly evident on the battlefront of theology. Christianity versus Liberalism has been waging this war now for some fifty years, and Father Halton is only the most recent of many outstanding "martyrs" in this war. One of the most outstanding, you may recall, was J. Gresham Machen, also a Princetonian, who died an untimely death in 1937 after suffering under an incredible torrent of abuse and who was recognized in his day as the leader of evangelical Christianity, and the intellectual peer of his enemies. . . .

Lynchburg, Va. ROBERT L. WHITELAW

Lear vs. Godot

. . . you might remark to Mr. Hugh Kenner ["Samuel Beckett vs. Fiction," October 11]—casually, perhaps almost incidentally—that whatever else may be true of *King Lear*, it is not pessimistic, whereas Beckett's work is (to judge from his *Waiting for Godot*, which I've read; his novels I have not). But the casual approach may not serve, for the combination of brightness and obtuseness which for some time the liberals have exhibited seems true now of some conservatives as well.

There may be a number of "lessons" implicit in *King Lear*, but one is that evil cannot overcome good because it cannot change good to evil. Death as such is irrelevant: all men die anyway. Lear is redeemed through suffering and awareness and love, a lesson which seems to me profoundly optimistic.

Auburn, Ala. T. C. HOEPFNER

A Defense of Chiropractors

In Mr. George Morgenstern's excellent article "Here Goes Nothing: The 1958 Elections" [October 25], I was shocked at his unjust criticism of chiropractors. His little "dig" showed a complete ignorance of the work of doctors of chiropractic. In this country there are 25,000 chiropractors, and several million people have sought their skill through the years. Statistics show that over two million new patients are added to their list each year. These men lead dedicated lives, devoted to the care of the sick. . . .

Charlotte, N.C. MARGARET BERRY

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